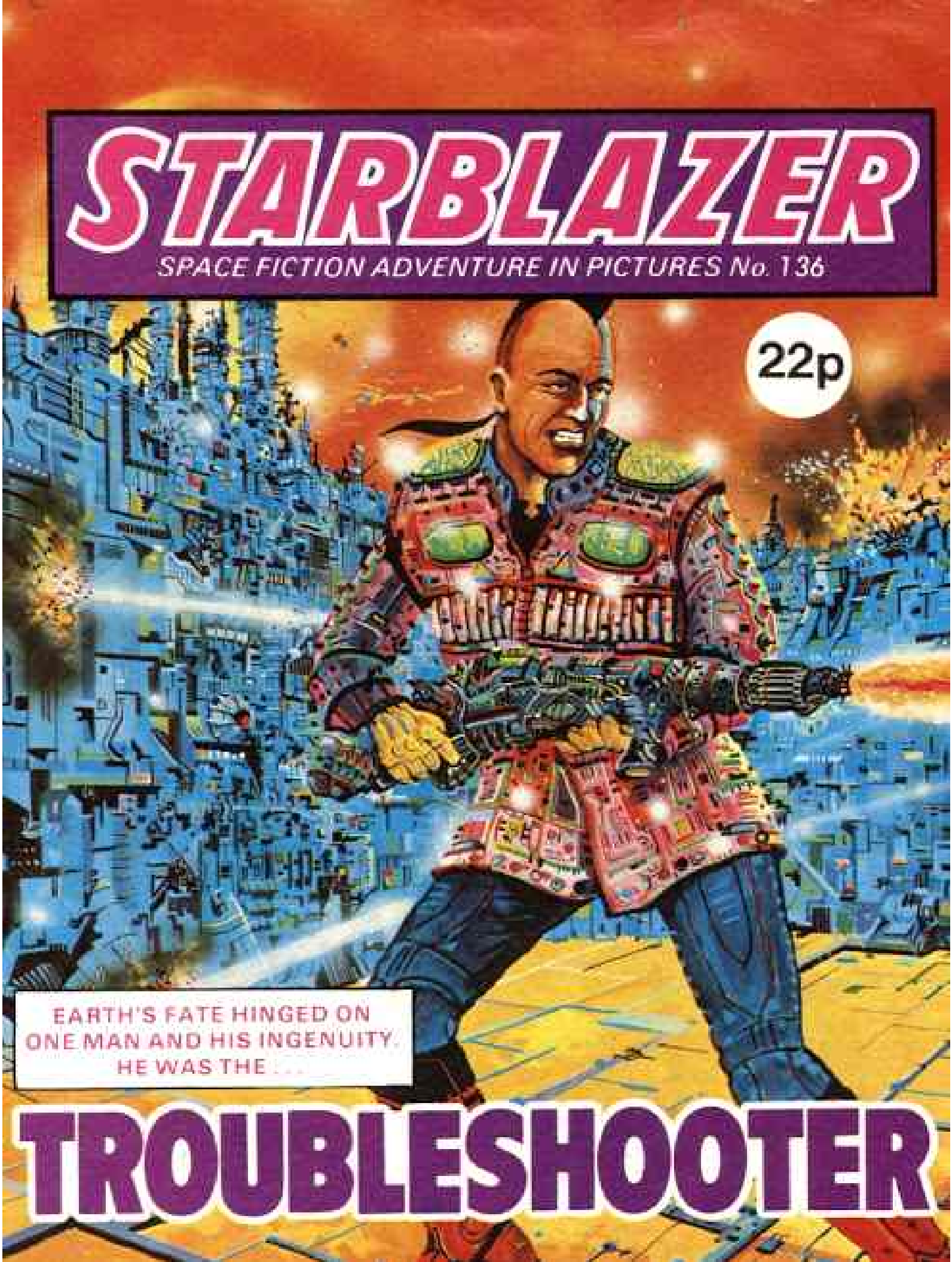
STARBLAZER

SPACE FICTION ADVENTURE IN PICTURES No. 136

22p

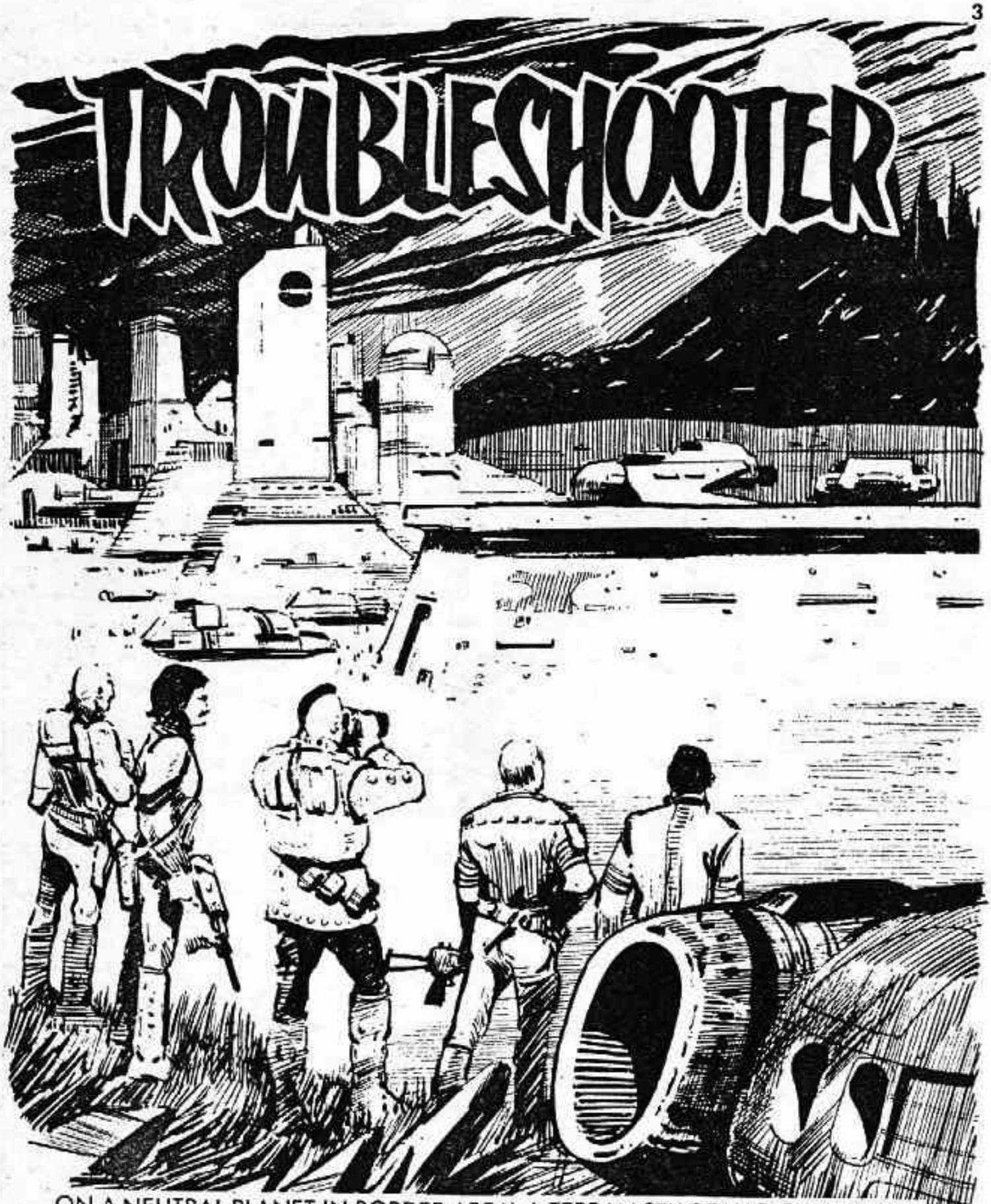


EARTH'S FATE HINGED ON ONE MAN AND HIS INGENUITY. HE WAS THE . . .

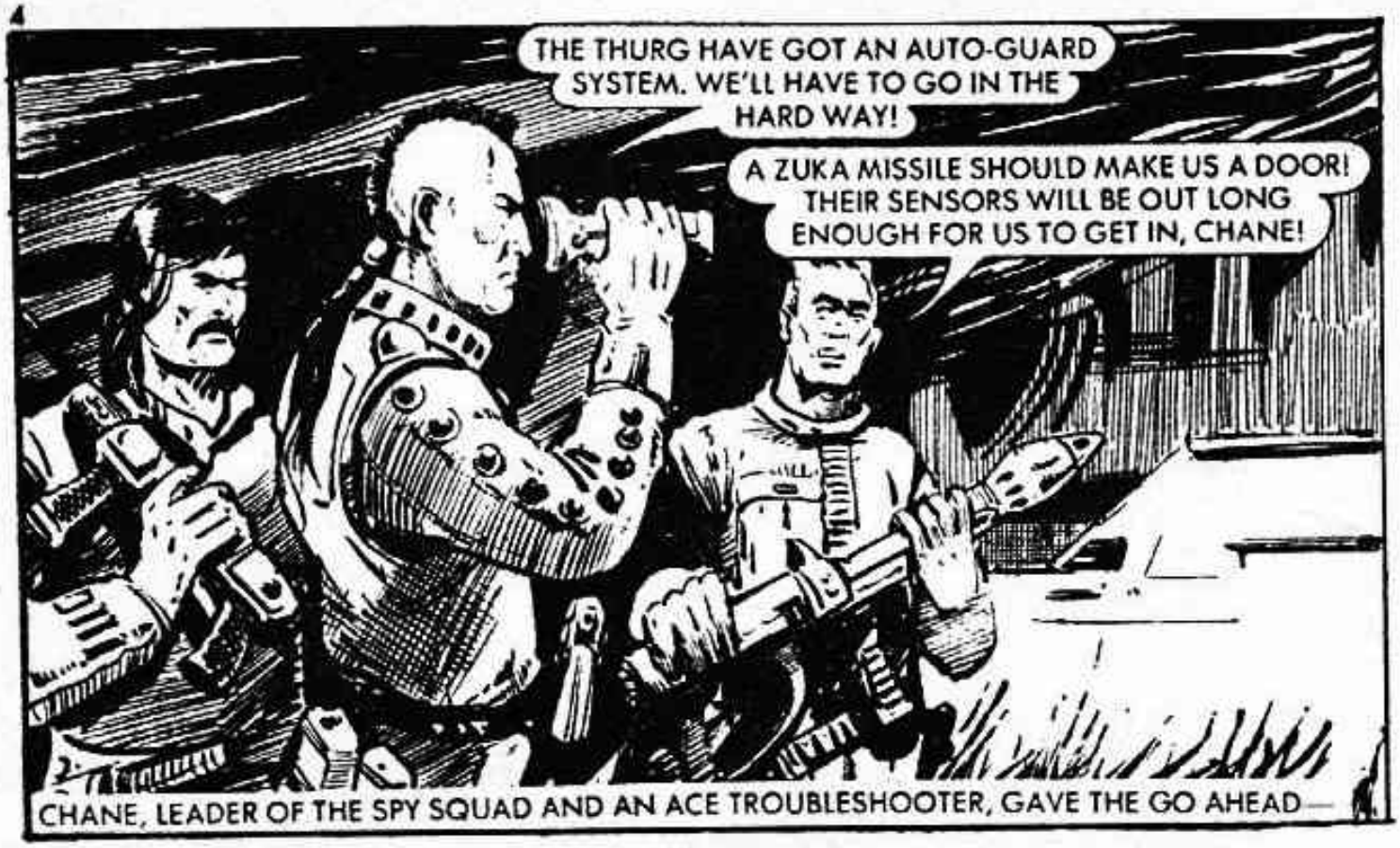
TROUBLESHOOTER

ALTHOUGH COMMUNICATIONS IN 2385 WERE SOPHISTICATED, THERE WAS NO WAY OF TRANSMITTING MESSAGES THROUGH SPACEWARPS. SIGNALS COULD ONLY TRAVEL AS FAST AS A SPACESHIP COULD CARRY THEM. ACCESS TO INFORMATION WAS THE KEY TO THE SECURITY OF THE VAST EARTH FEDERATION—SO EARTH HAD COPIED THE LEGENDARY PONY EXPRESS. A NETWORK OF RELAY SATELLITES SPANNED THE FEDERATION WHERE HYPER-FAST, FUELLED SHIPS WERE ALWAYS READY. THEY CALLED THE SYSTEM, PEX—SHORT FOR PLANETRY EXPRESS, BUT NOW THIS SYSTEM WOULD COLLAPSE UNLESS ONE COULD REACH EARTH WITH VITAL INFORMATION . . .

TROUBLESHOOTER



ON A NEUTRAL PLANET IN BORDER AREA', A TERRAN SPY SQUAD SURVEYED A WAREHOUSE. INFORMATION RECEIVED INDICATED THAT THE THURG NATION WERE USING IT FOR EVIL PURPOSES. 7


THE THURG HAVE GOT AN AUTO-GUARD SYSTEM. WE'LL HAVE TO GO IN THE HARD WAY!
A ZUKA MISSILE SHOULD MAKE US A DOOR! THEIR SENSORS WILL BE OUT LONG ENOUGH FOR US TO GET IN, CHANE!
CHANE, LEADER OF THE SPY SQUAD AND AN ACE TROUBLESHOOTER, GAVE THE GO AHEAD—

AS THE ZUKA RIPPED INTO THE WAREHOUSE, THE SPY-SQUAD RACED ACROSS OPEN GROUND.
IF ANYTHING MOVES — SHOOT IT!

SEARCH THE PLACE BEFORE THEY GET ORGANISED!

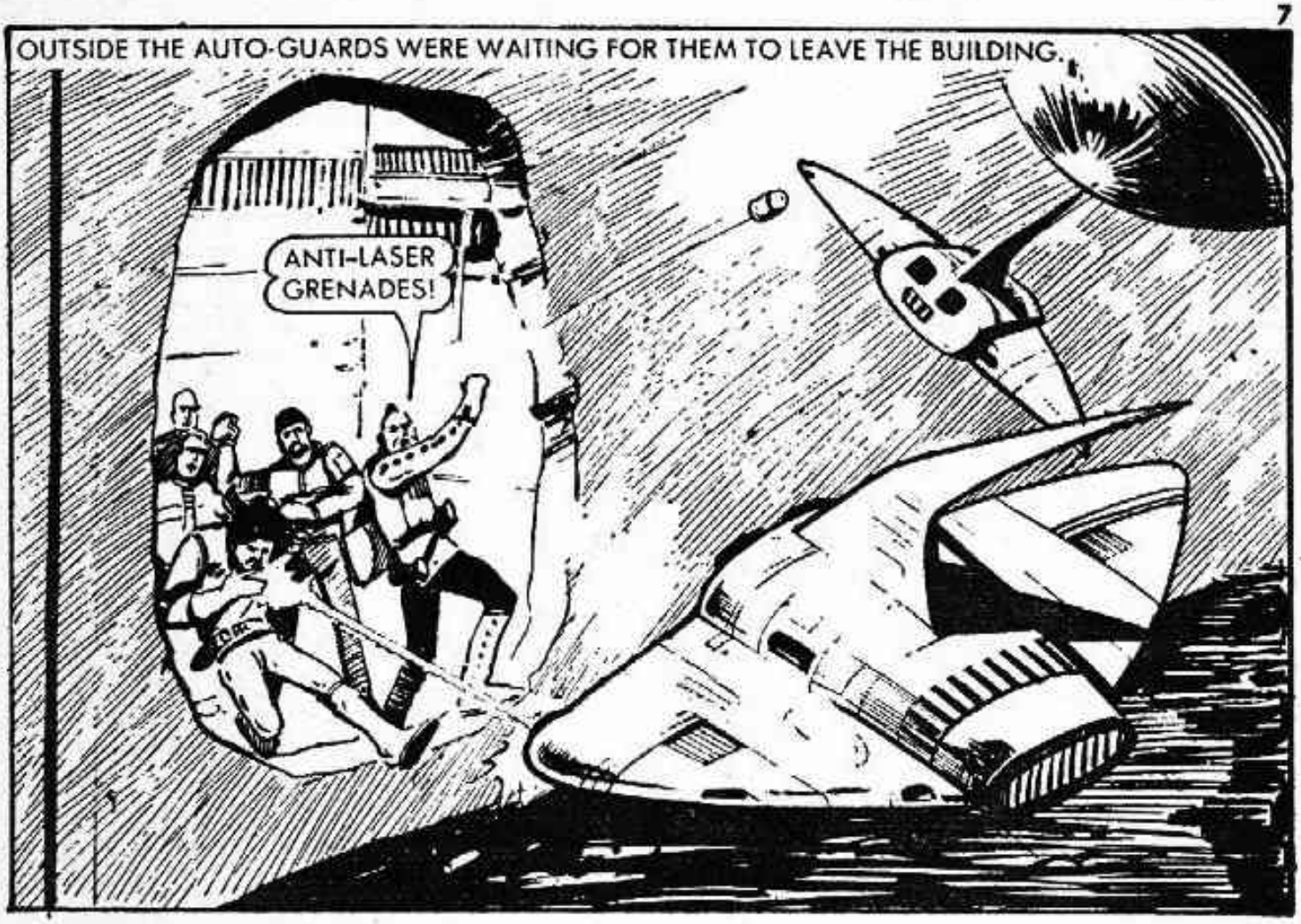
COULD THIS BE WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR?
WHAT DO YOU THINK, GUARDIAN?
LET ME EXAMINE ONE.

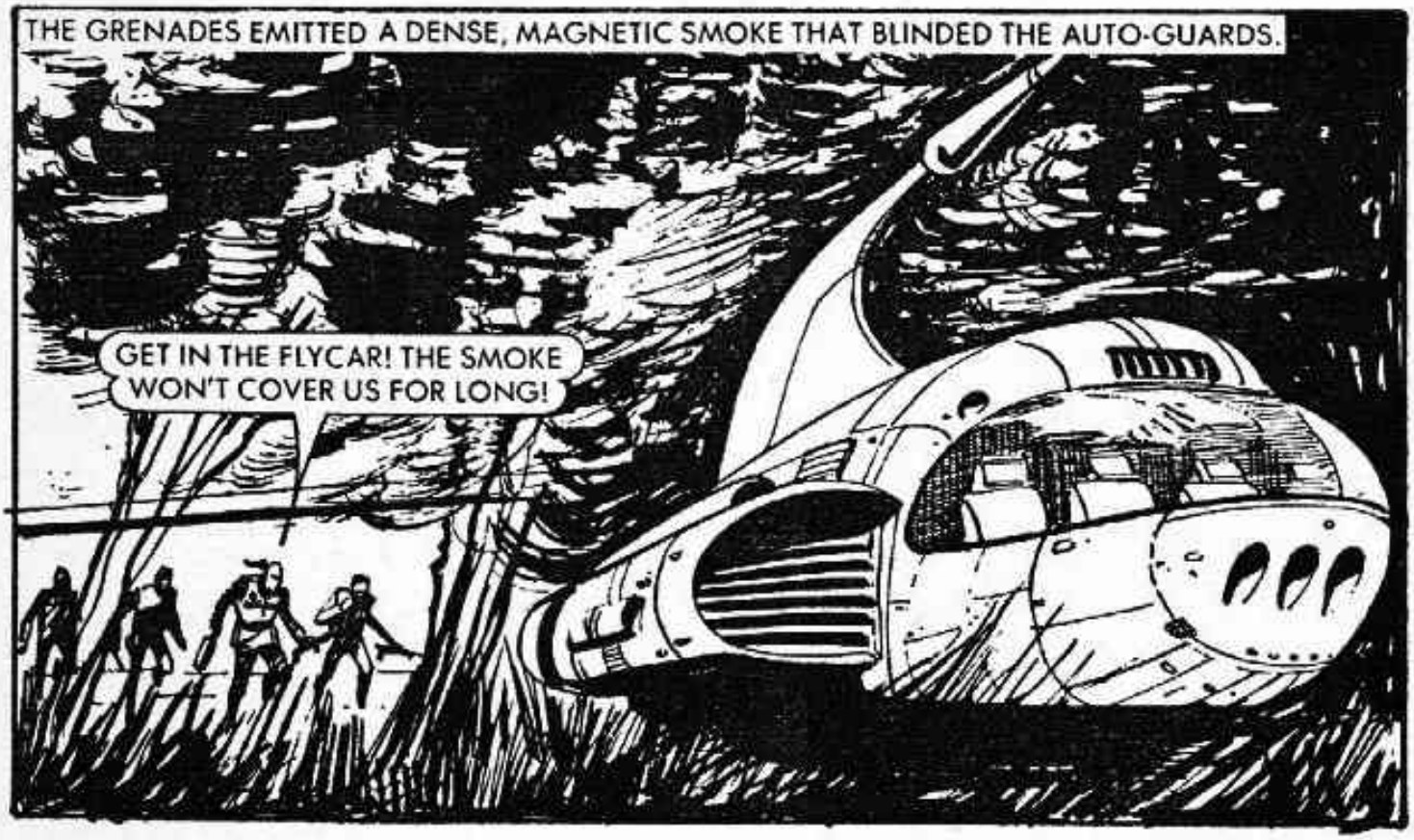
CHANE'S TUNIC WAS A HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED COMPUTER CALLED 'GUARDIAN'.
THIS IS WHAT WE WERE LOOKING FOR. IT APPEARS THAT THIS DEVICE CAN CREATE SYNTHETIC TIME!

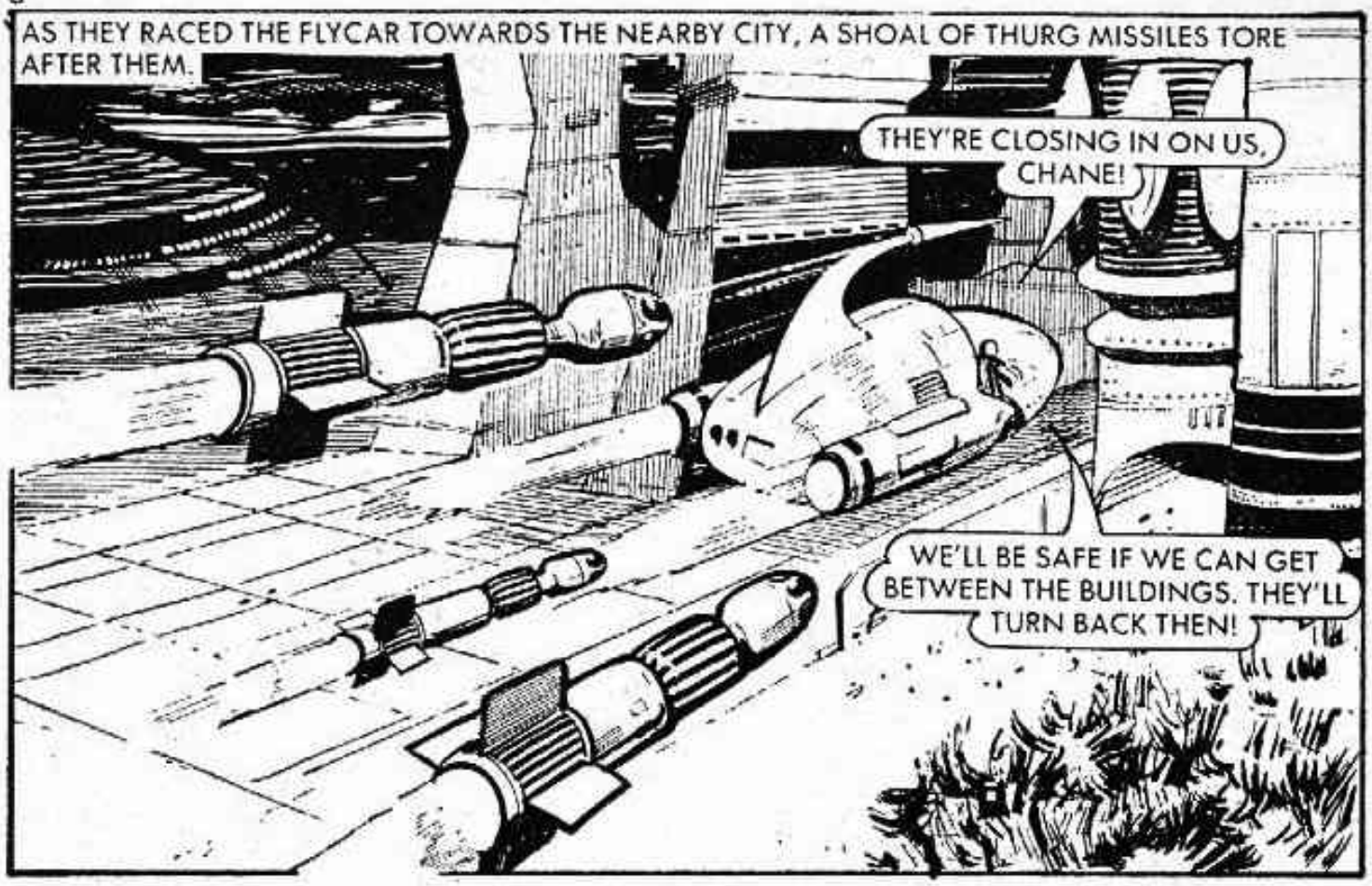
THEY CAN TRANSMIT AND RECEIVE COMMUNICATIONS THROUGH ANY CONDITIONS.
ONCE THE THURGS HAVE SPREAD THEM THROUGH THE FEDERATION, THEY'LL KNOW EVERY MOVE EARTH MAKES EVEN BEFORE WE DO.

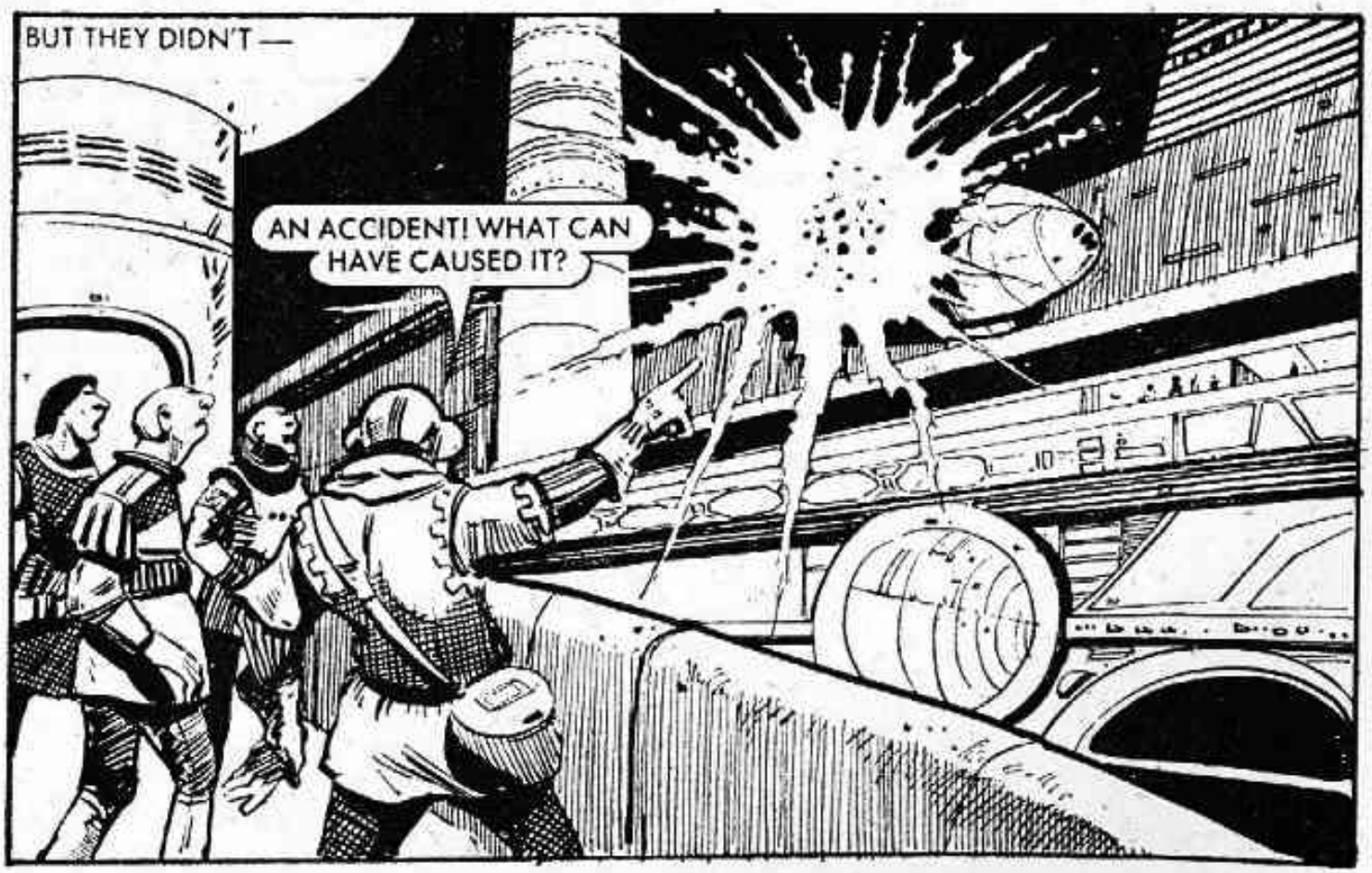
IT LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY'VE ONLY JUST STARTED DISTRIBUTING THE DEVICES. IF WE CAN GET ONE BACK TO EARTH IN TIME, WE CAN COPY IT AND THE THURG WILL LOSE THEIR ADVANTAGE!

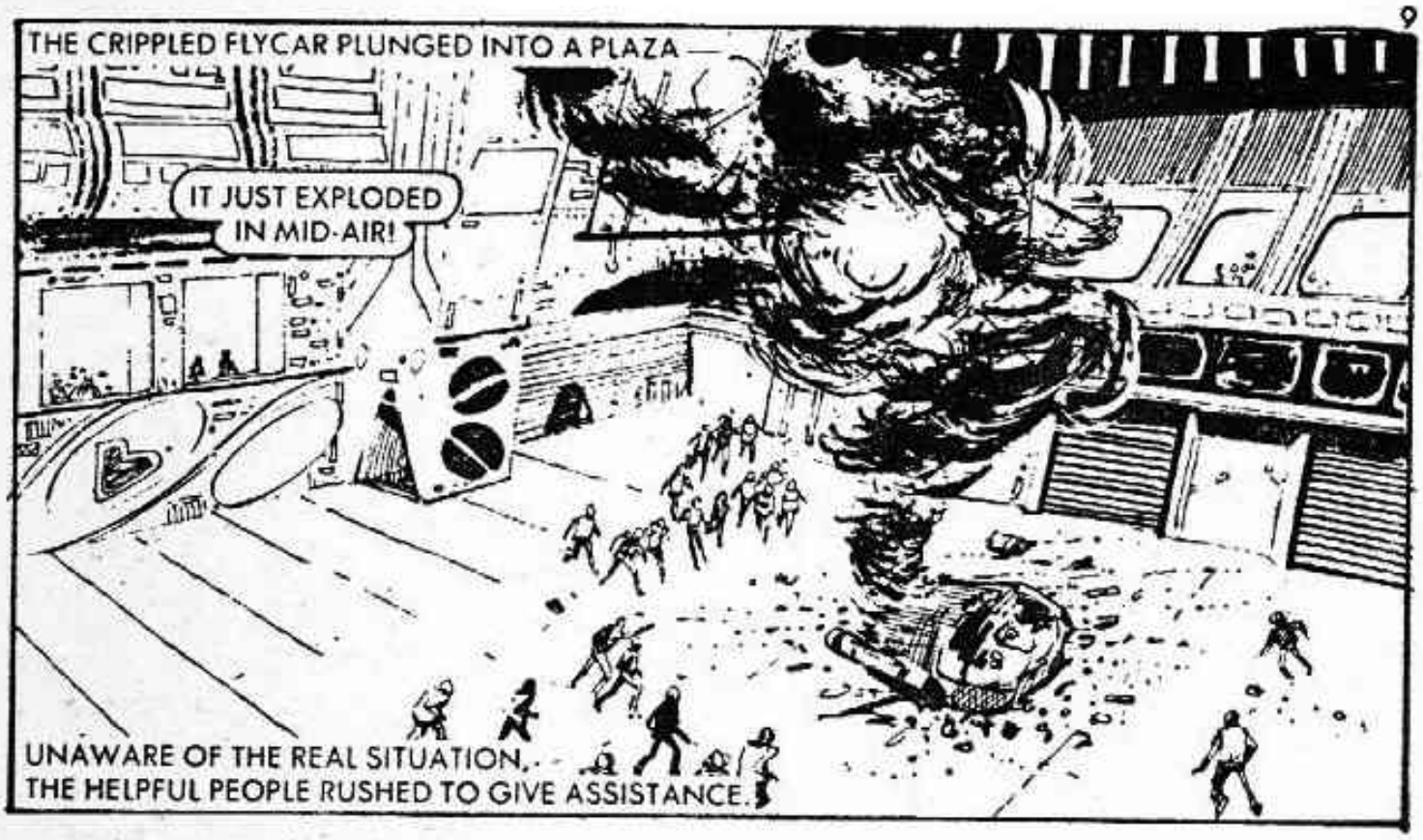
SO LET'S GET GOING — HERE COME THE NASTIES!


OUTSIDE THE AUTO-GUARDS WERE WAITING FOR THEM TO LEAVE THE BUILDING.
ANTI-LASER GRENADES!


THE GRENADES EMITTED A DENSE, MAGNETIC SMOKE THAT BLINDED THE AUTO-GUARDS.
GET IN THE FLYCAR! THE SMOKE WON'T COVER US FOR LONG!


AS THEY RACED THE FLYCAR TOWARDS THE NEARBY CITY, A SHOAL OF THURG MISSILES TORE AFTER THEM.
THEY'RE CLOSING IN ON US, CHANE!
WE'LL BE SAFE IF WE CAN GET BETWEEN THE BUILDINGS. THEY'LL TURN BACK THEN!


BUT THEY DIDN'T —
AN ACCIDENT! WHAT CAN HAVE CAUSED IT?


THE CRIPPLED FLYCAR PLUNGED INTO A PLAZA —
IT JUST EXPLODED IN MID-AIR!
UNAWARE OF THE REAL SITUATION, THE HELPFUL PEOPLE RUSHED TO GIVE ASSISTANCE.

THEY'RE ALL DEAD EXCEPT THIS ONE! GET AN AMBU-CAR!

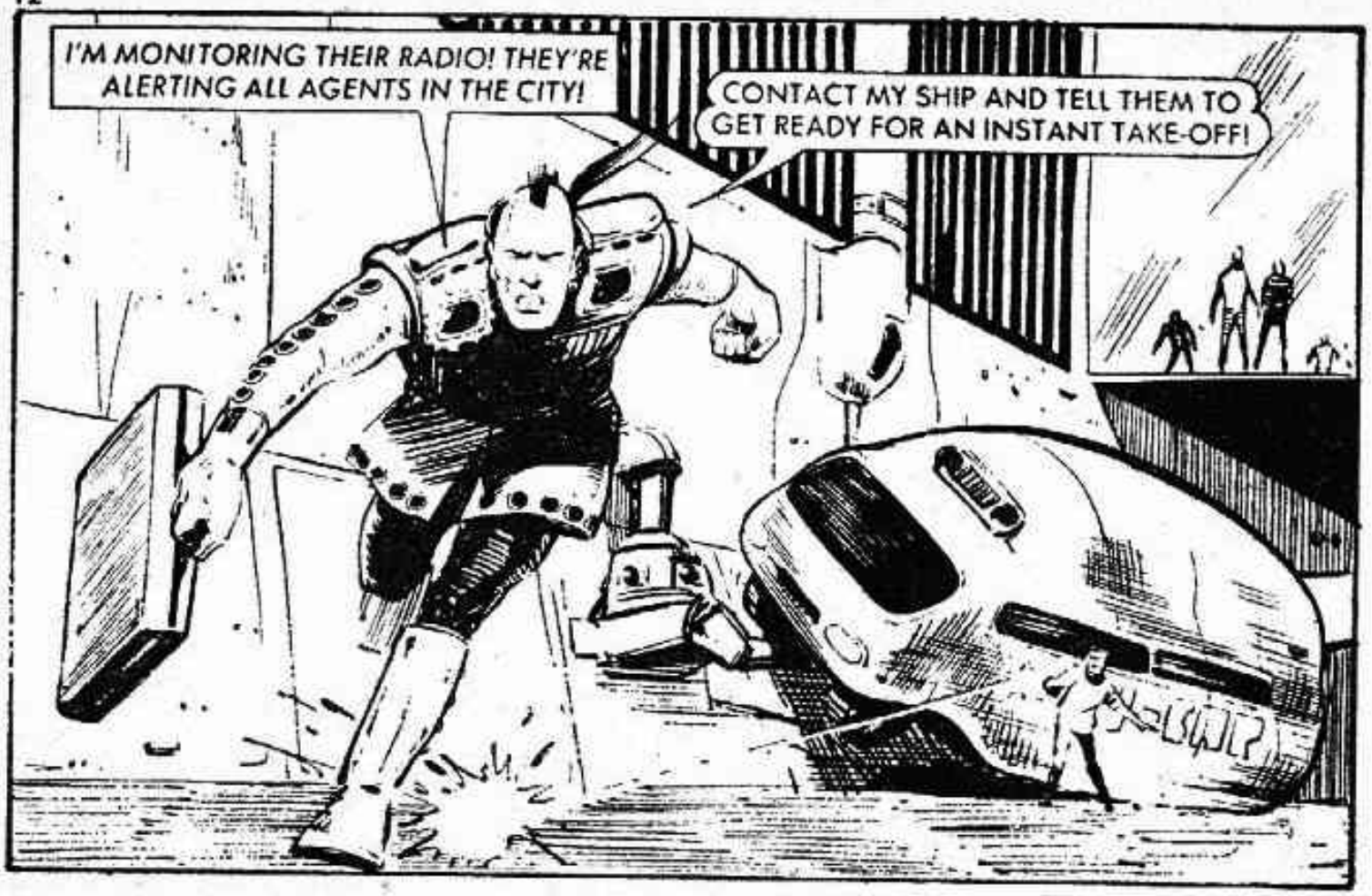
HE'S GOT A DEATH GRIP ON THAT CASE! DON'T WORRY, WE'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM!

IS THAT THE DEVICE, GORTL?
YEAH, BUT HE WON'T LET GO!
THEN KILL HIM!

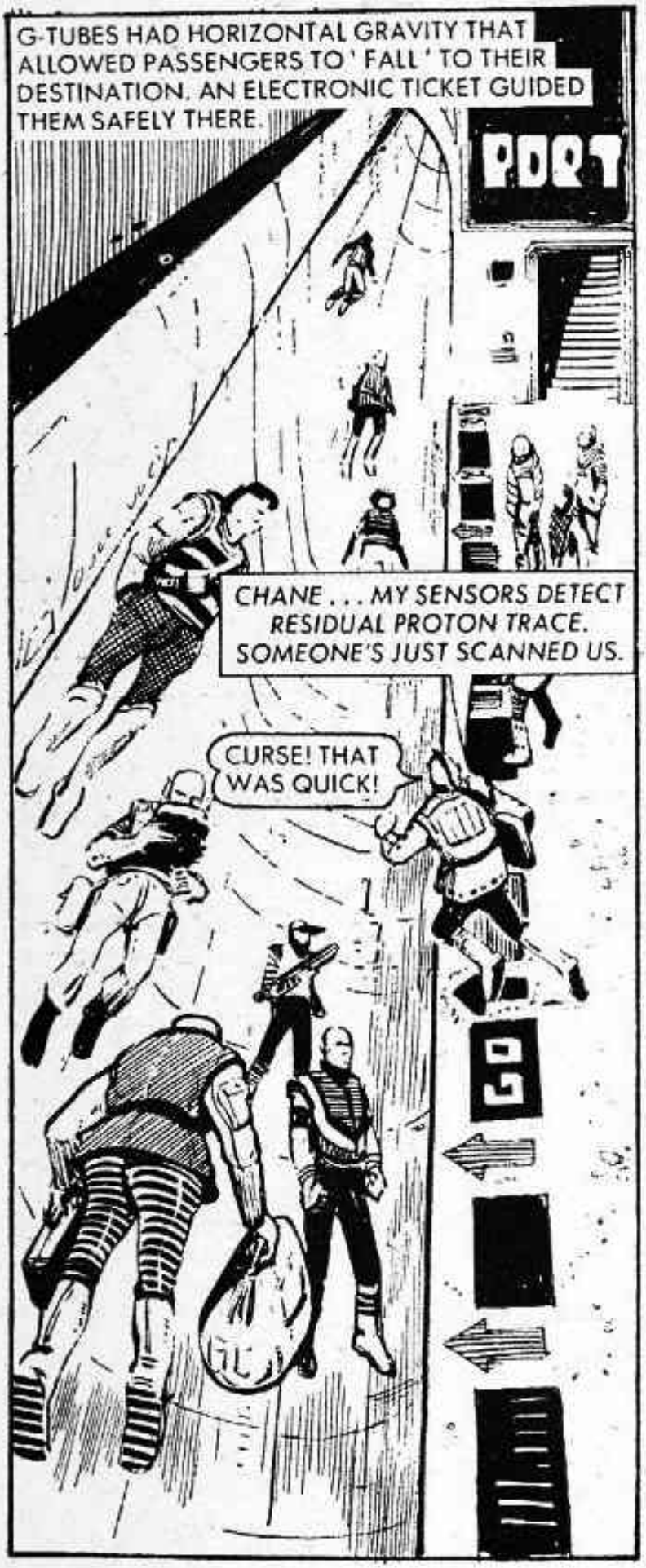
THE AMBU-MEN WERE THURG AGENTS. BUT, AS ONE TRIED TO KILL CHANE —

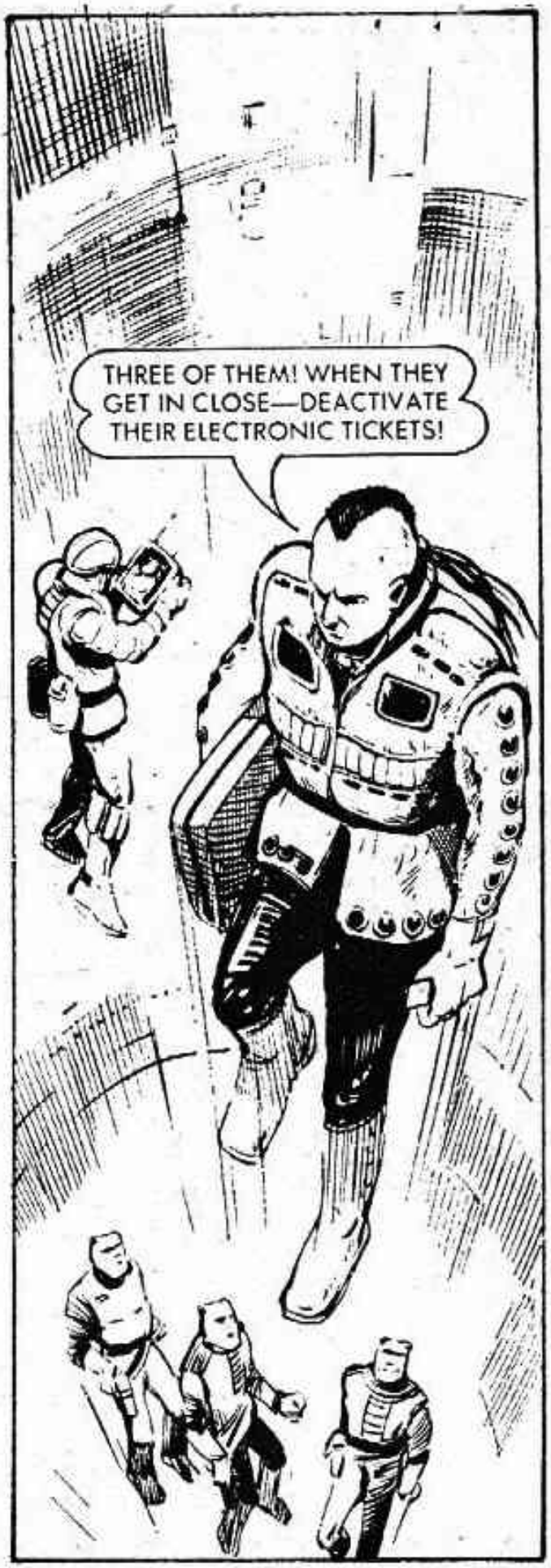
THE THURG DIED AS A POISONED NEEDLE PLUNGED INTO HIS HAND.
AAA . . .
A SECOND NEEDLE REVIVED THE UNCONSCIOUS CHANE.

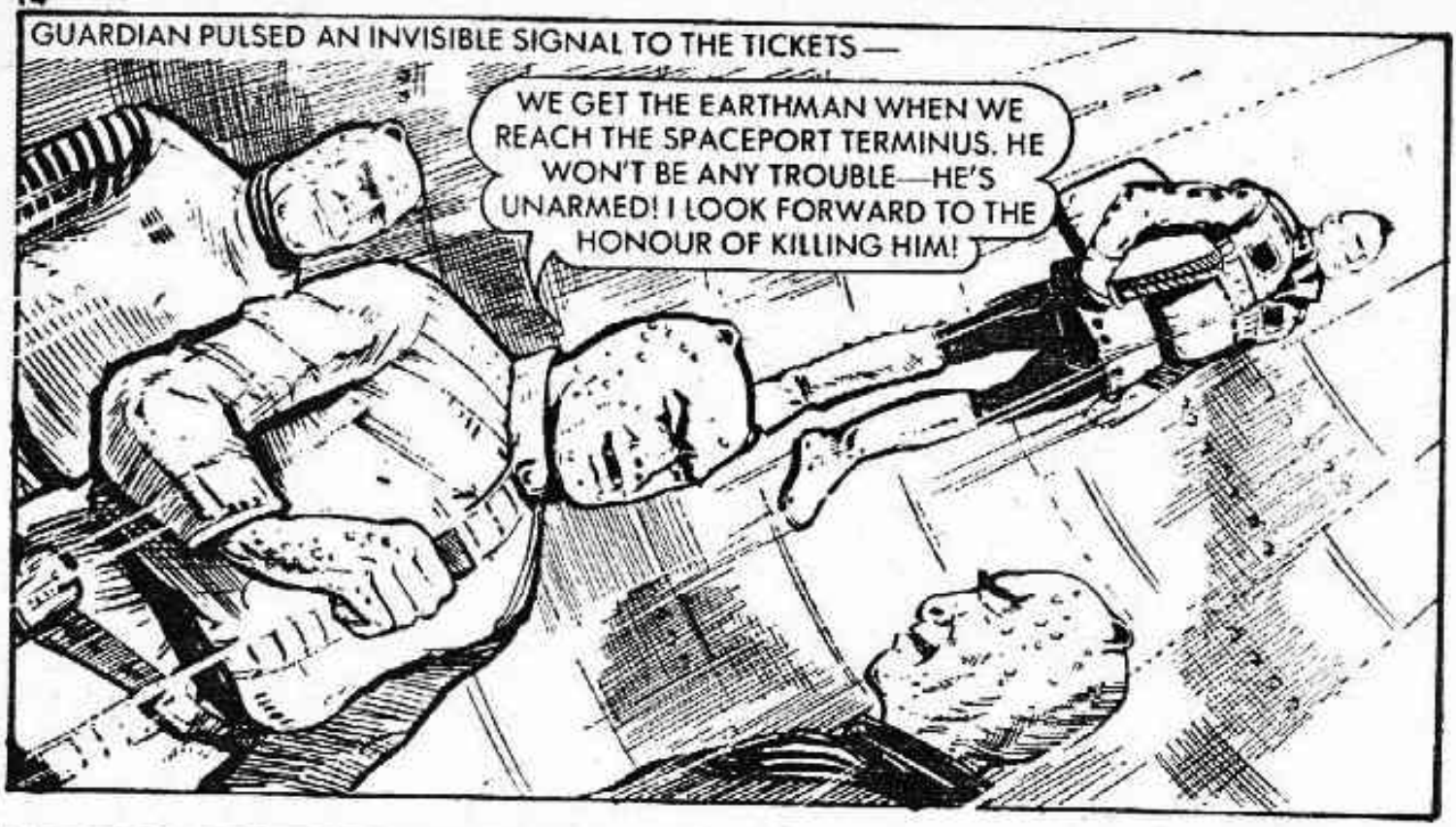
STOP THEM, CHANE! THEY'RE THURG AGENTS.
I READ YOU, GUARDIAN!

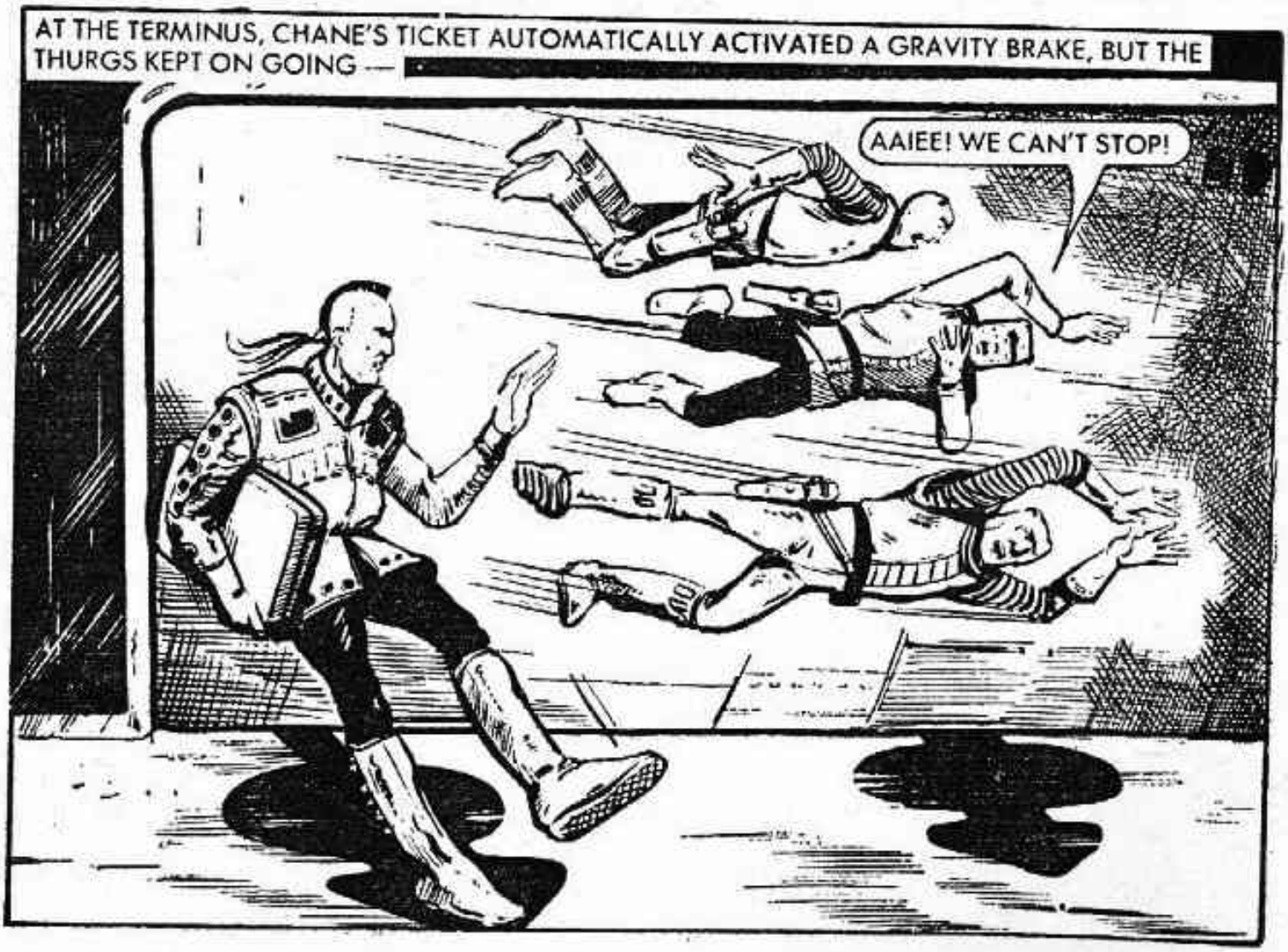

I'M MONITORING THEIR RADIO! THEY'RE ALERTING ALL AGENTS IN THE CITY!
CONTACT MY SHIP AND TELL THEM TO GET READY FOR AN INSTANT TAKE-OFF!

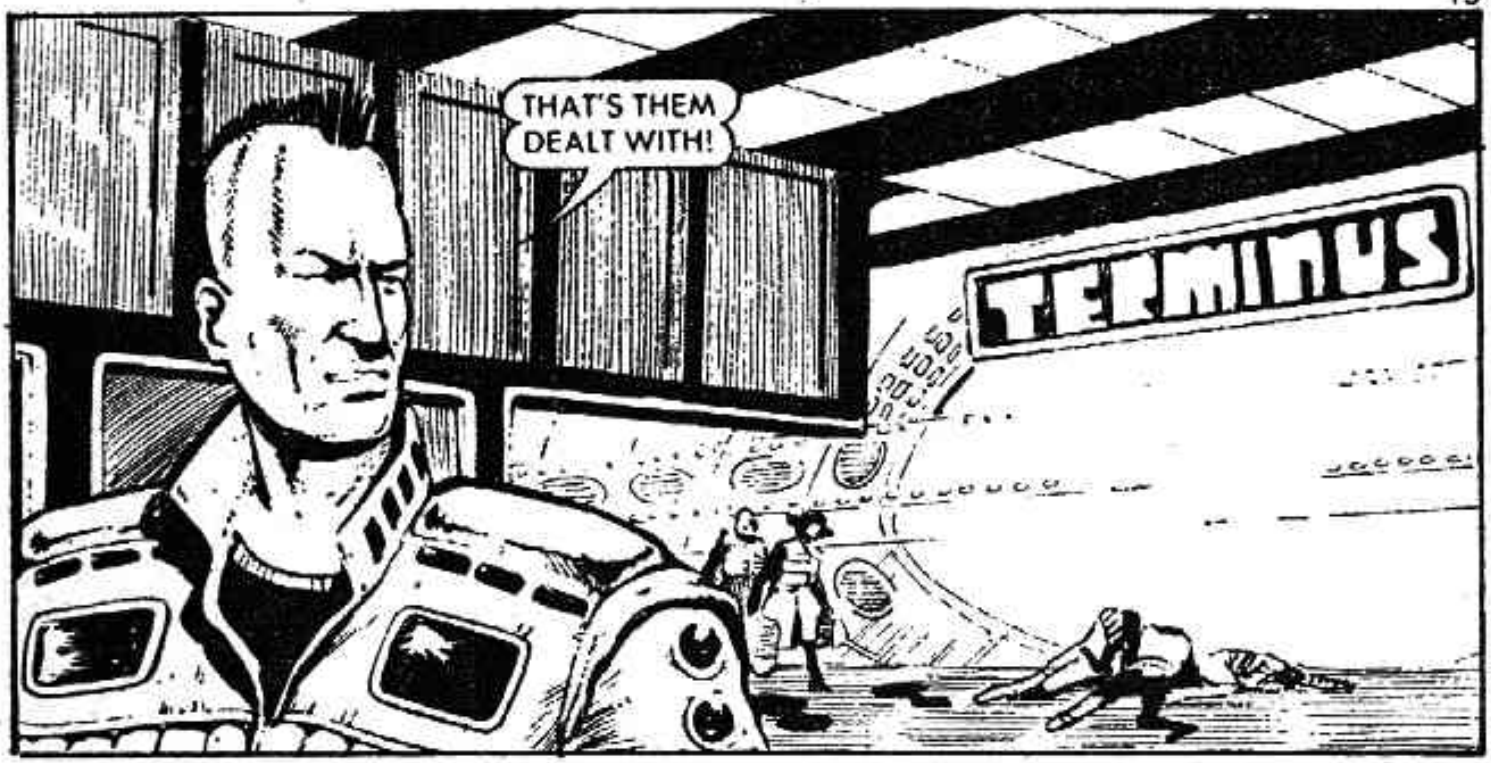
SPACE!
HEAD FOR THE GRAV-TUBES. YOU'LL BE HARDER TO SPOT IN A CROWD, CHANE.
YEAH! I'LL TAKE THE GRAVITY TUBE TO THE SPACEPORT!

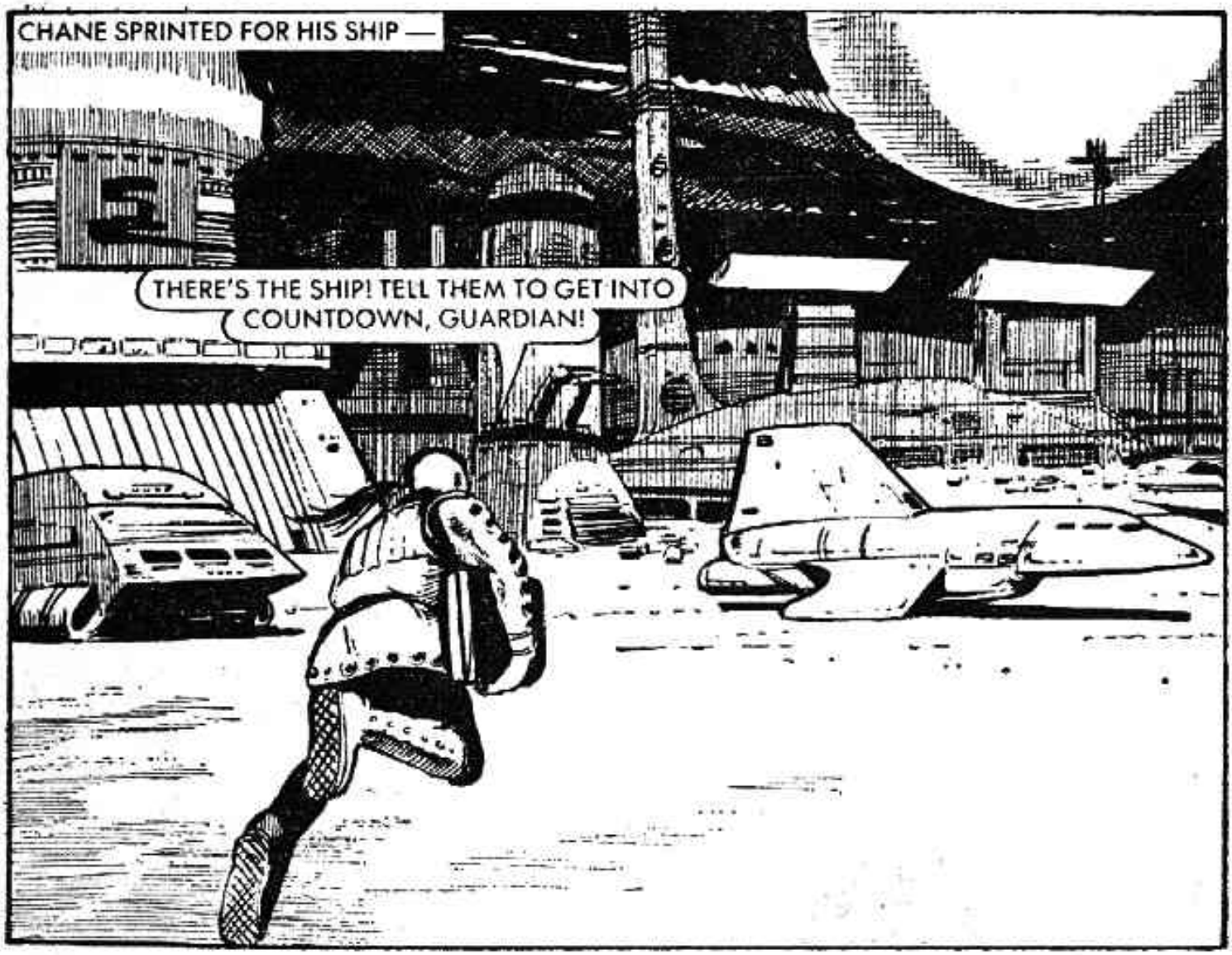

G-TUBES HAD HORIZONTAL GRAVITY THAT ALLOWED PASSENGERS TO 'FALL' TO THEIR DESTINATION. AN ELECTRONIC TICKET GUIDED THEM SAFELY THERE.
PORT
CHANE . . . MY SENSORS DETECT RESIDUAL PROTON TRACE. SOMEONE'S JUST SCANNED US.
CURSE! THAT WAS QUICK!
GO


THREE OF THEM! WHEN THEY GET IN CLOSE—DEACTIVATE THEIR ELECTRONIC TICKETS!


GUARDIAN PULSED AN INVISIBLE SIGNAL TO THE TICKETS —
WE GET THE EARTHMAN WHEN WE REACH THE SPACEPORT TERMINUS. HE WON'T BE ANY TROUBLE—HE'S UNARMED! I LOOK FORWARD TO THE HONOUR OF KILLING HIM!


AT THE TERMINUS, CHANE'S TICKET AUTOMATICALLY ACTIVATED A GRAVITY BRAKE, BUT THE THURGS KEPT ON GOING —
AAIEE! WE CAN'T STOP!

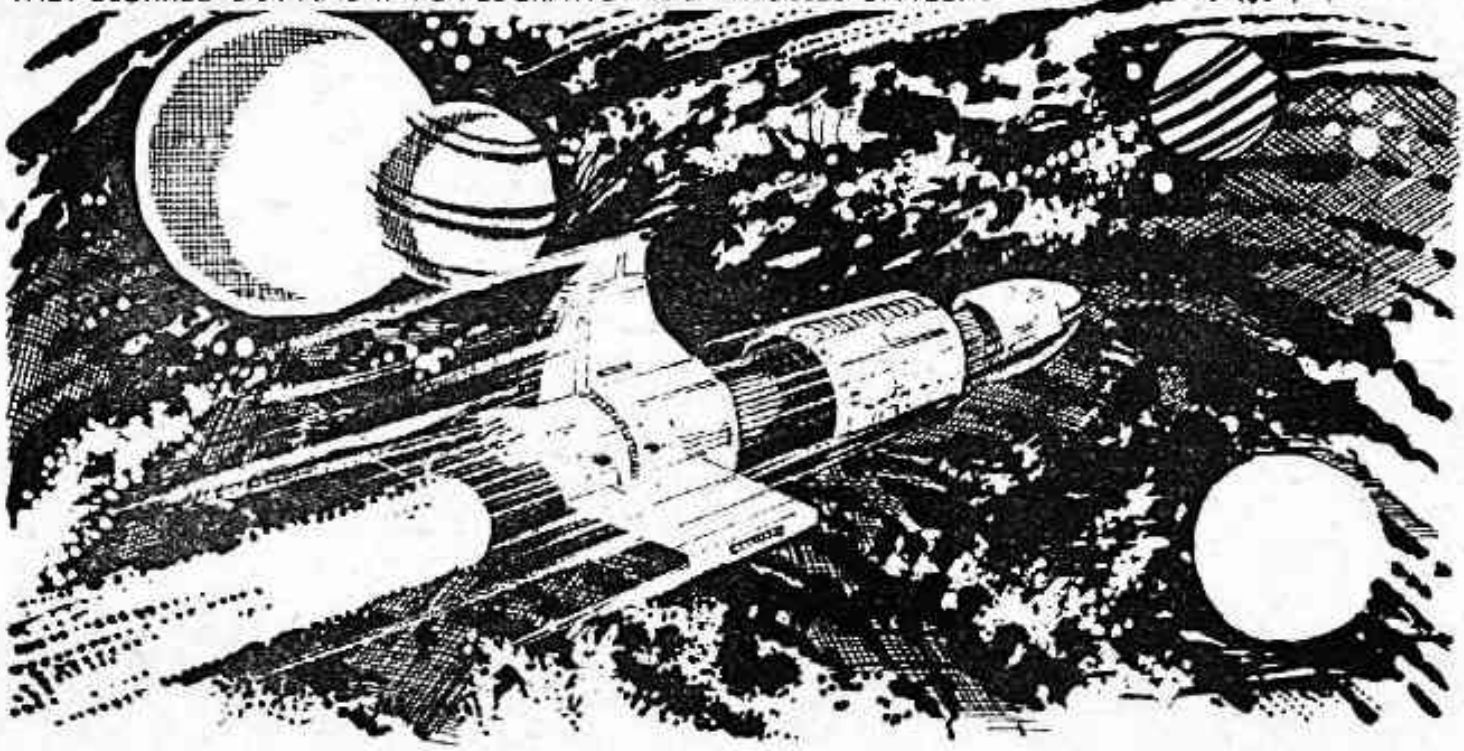

THAT'S THEM DEALT WITH!
TERMINUS

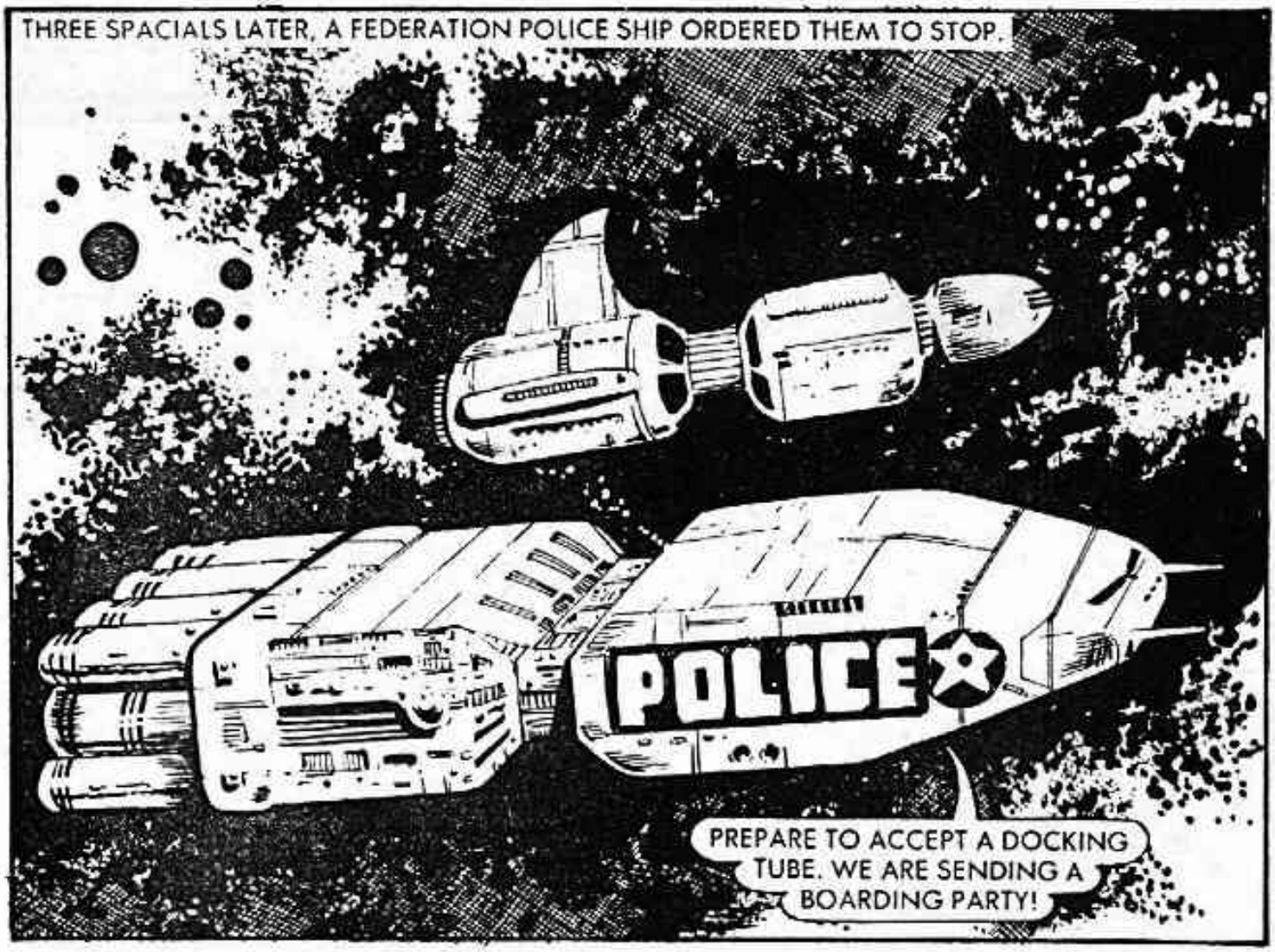

CHANE SPRINTED FOR HIS SHIP —
THERE'S THE SHIP! TELL THEM TO GET INTO COUNTDOWN, GUARDIAN!

THE NEXT SECOND A COLOSSAL EXPLOSION SHATTERED THE SPACE VESSEL —
THE THURGS MUST HAVE PLANTED A NUKE ON IT!
THERE ARE NO SURVIVORS.

THE ONLY WAY I CAN GET THE DEVICE TO EARTH IN TIME, IS BY USING THE PEX! THEIR FIRST RELAY SATELLITE'S NOT FAR FROM THIS PLANET!
PEX STOOD FOR PLANETRY EXPRESS AND WAS A RELAY SYSTEM OF ULTRA FAST COMMUNICATIONS CRAFT.
THERE'S JUST THE SMALL PROBLEM OF GETTING TO IT!
NOT MUCH OF A PROBLEM! A PASSENGER VESSEL LEAVING SOON IS DUE TO MAKE A FREIGHT DROP THERE.
A CRED-NOTE BOUGHT A PASSAGE ON THE FERRY.
THERE ARE NO SIGNS OF THURGS.

THEY BLURRED OUT AND INTO FEDERATION CONTROLLED SPACE.



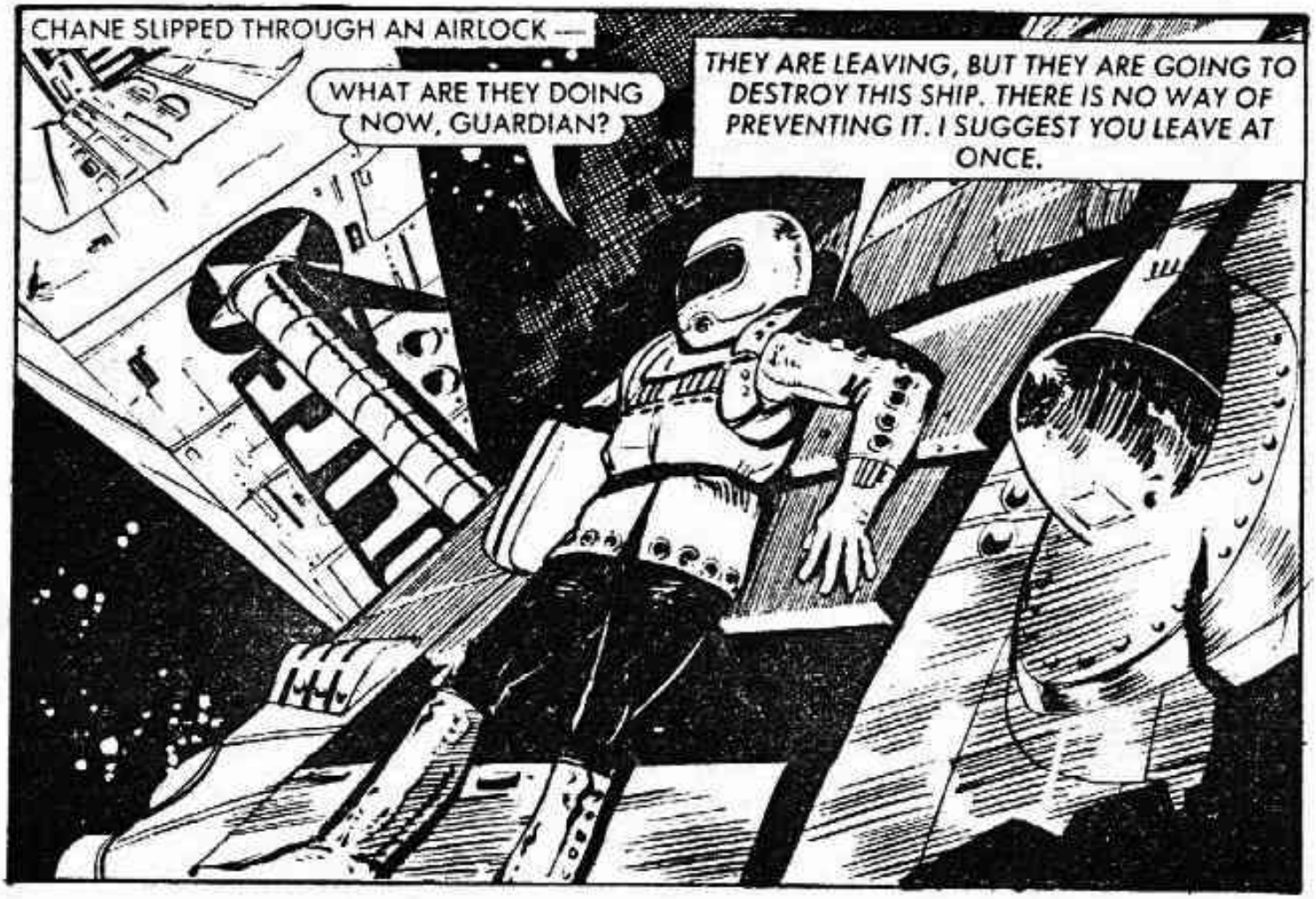


WHY WOULD A POLICE SHIP WANT TO COME THIS FAR OUT? CAN YOU EAVESDROP ON ANY CONVERSATION, GUARDIAN?
AFFIRMATIVE! I'LL PATCH YOU INTO THE VID-UNIT.

CHANE WATCHED HIS SPYSCREEN —
WE ARE AFTER AN ESCAPED CRIMINAL, CAPTAIN. WE WILL HAVE TO SEARCH YOUR SHIP!
BE AS QUICK AS YOU CAN — I'VE GOT TO KEEP TO A TIGHT TIMETABLE!

AN ESCAPED CRIMINAL WOULD BE TRYING TO LEAVE THE FEDERATION — NOT ENTER IT! THE POLICE ARE THURGS AND IT'S ME THEY'RE AFTER!

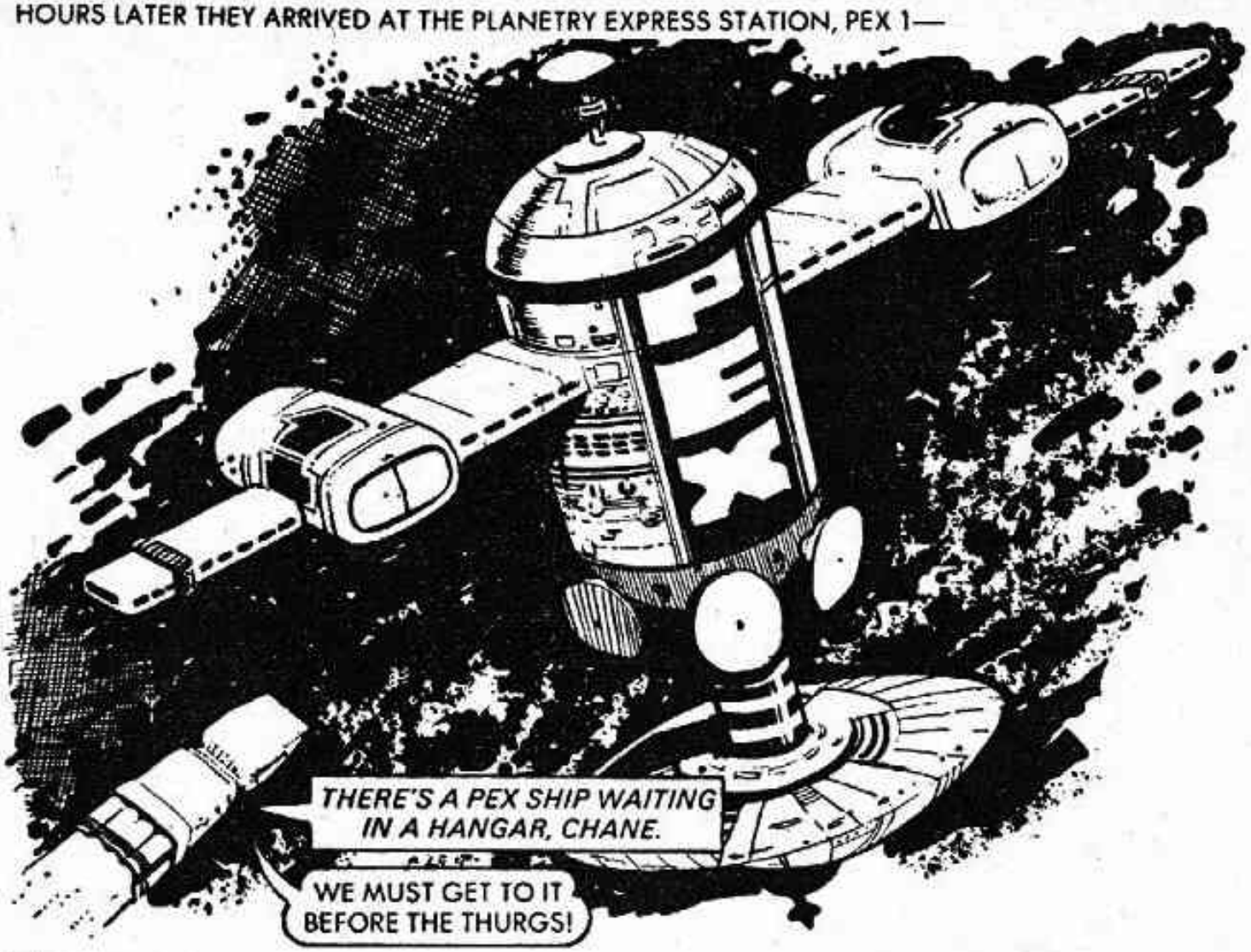
I THINK WE'LL TAKE A WALK OUTSIDE.
EMERGENCY VAC-PACKS
7

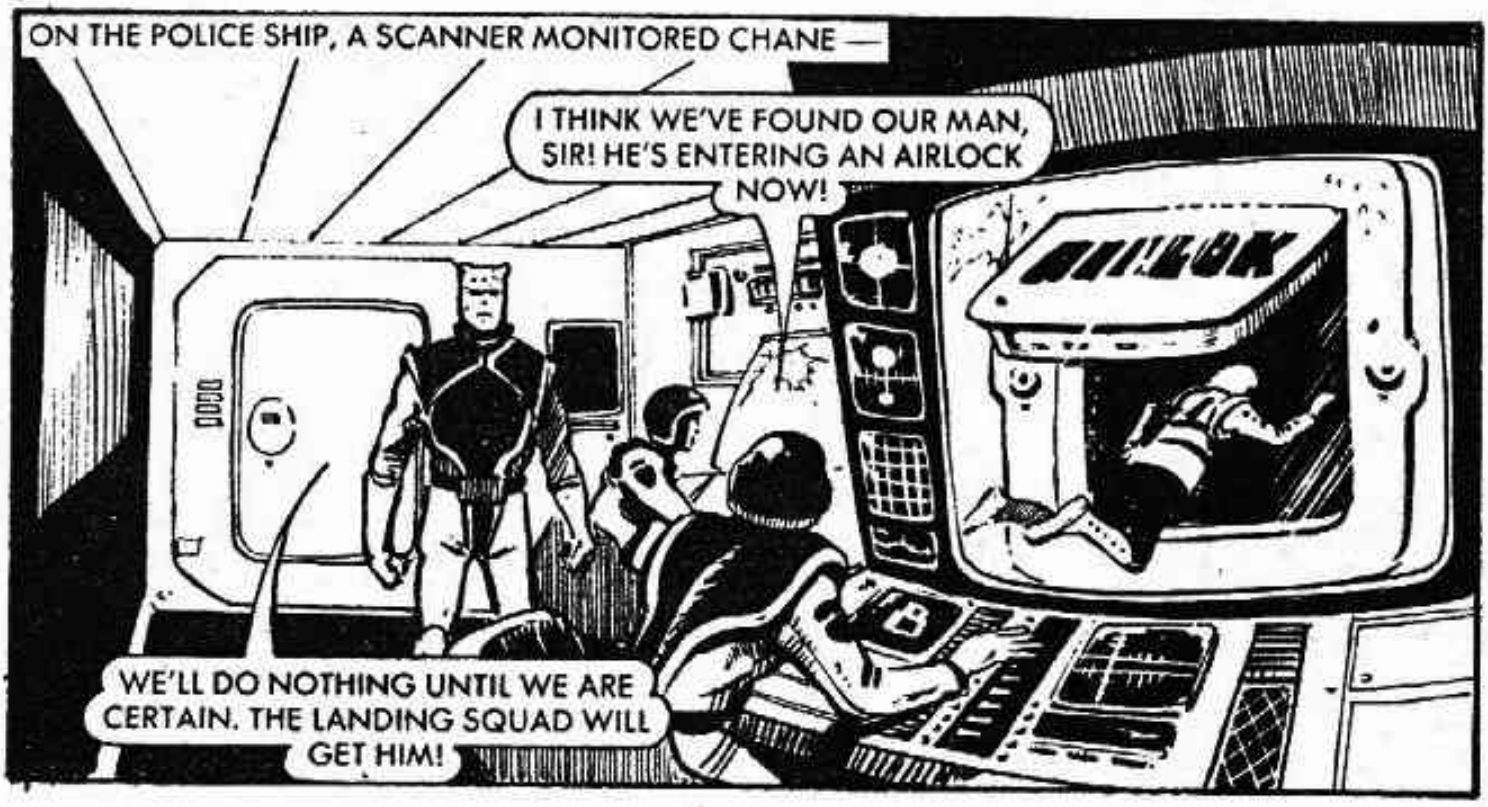

CHANE SLIPPED THROUGH AN AIRLOCK —
WHAT ARE THEY DOING NOW, GUARDIAN?
THEY ARE LEAVING, BUT THEY ARE GOING TO DESTROY THIS SHIP. THERE IS NO WAY OF PREVENTING IT. I SUGGEST YOU LEAVE AT ONCE.

AS THE POLICE SHIP BEGAN TO UNDOCK, CHANE LEFT THE DOOMED FERRY.
IF THEY DON'T NOTICE ME REACH THEIR SHIP, I MIGHT COME OUT OF THIS ALIVE!
5R

FROM THE SAFETY OF A LANDING VENT, CHANE WATCHED THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FERRY.
THE THURGS WILL STOP AT NOTHING TO RECOVER THEIR SYN-COM DEVICE! WHAT ARE THEY PLANNING NOW?
THEY ARE GOING TO THE PEX SATELLITE JUST IN CASE YOU MADE IT BY ANOTHER SHIP.

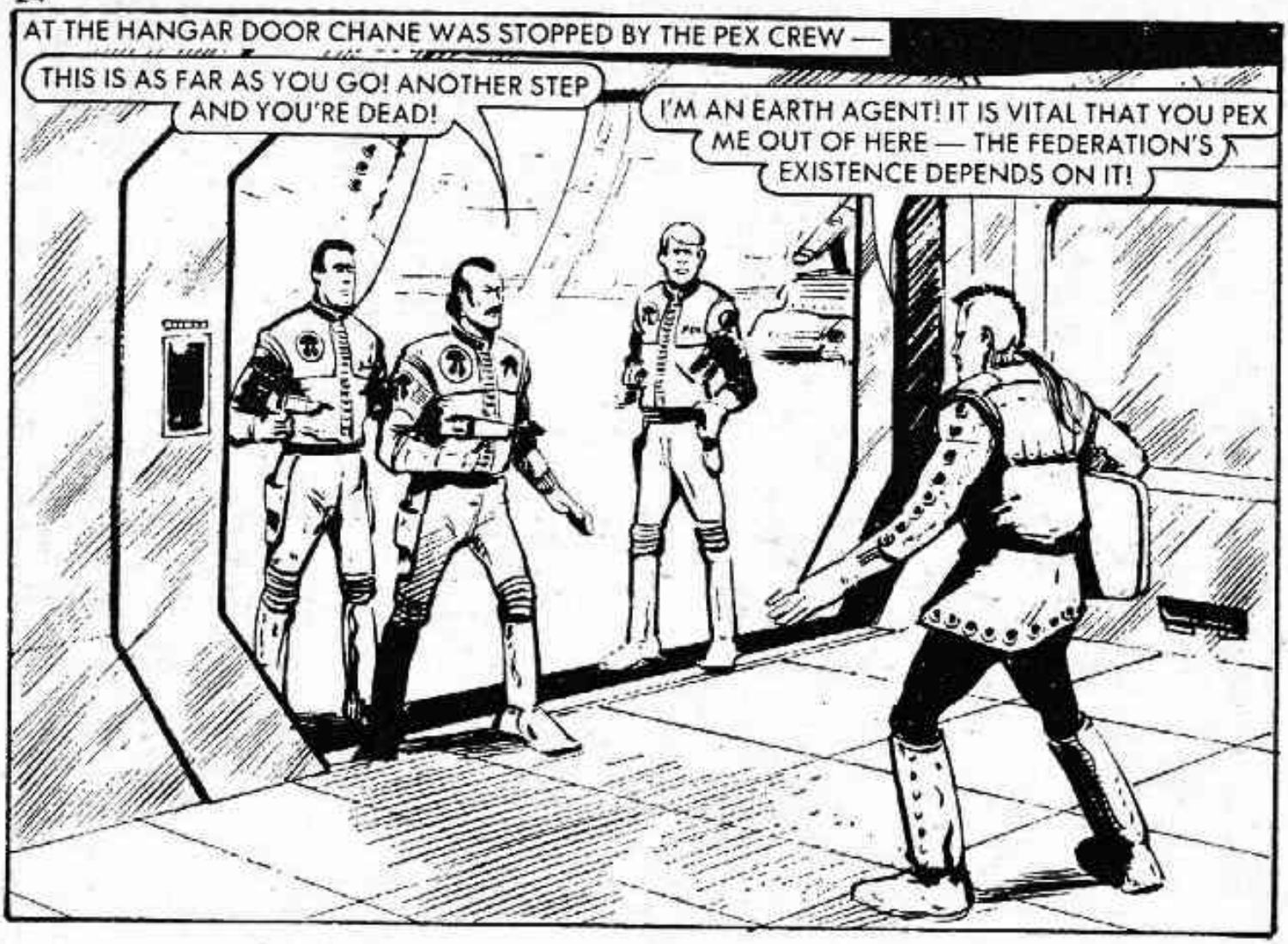
HOURS LATER THEY ARRIVED AT THE PLANETRY EXPRESS STATION, PEX 1—





HEY! WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?
THE HANGAR'S THIS WAY.
A

YOU CAN'T GO DOWN THERE!
I'VE GOT SPECIAL CLEARANCE — SO MOVE IT!


AT THE HANGAR DOOR CHANE WAS STOPPED BY THE PEX CREW —
THIS IS AS FAR AS YOU GO! ANOTHER STEP AND YOU'RE DEAD!
I'M AN EARTH AGENT! IT IS VITAL THAT YOU PEX ME OUT OF HERE — THE FEDERATION'S EXISTENCE DEPENDS ON IT!

THERE'S NO TIME FOR EXPLANATIONS . . .
I CAN FEED IDENTITY CARDS INTO YOUR CENTRAL COMPUTER.
PEX
YOU'RE THE FIRST SCREWBALL WE'VE HAD WITH A TALKING JACKET! NOW BEAT IT! NO ONE'S ALLOWED ON A PEX SHIP EXCEPT CREW!

WE'LL TAKE HIM, SIR. HE'S WANTED FOR MURDER. HE'S LED US QUITE A CHASE ACROSS THE GALAXY!
THEY'RE NOT POLICE!
OH, YES? AND I SUPPOSE THEY CAME IN A PUMPKIN?

SEDATE HIM!
OKAY, GUARDIAN — ZAP THEM!

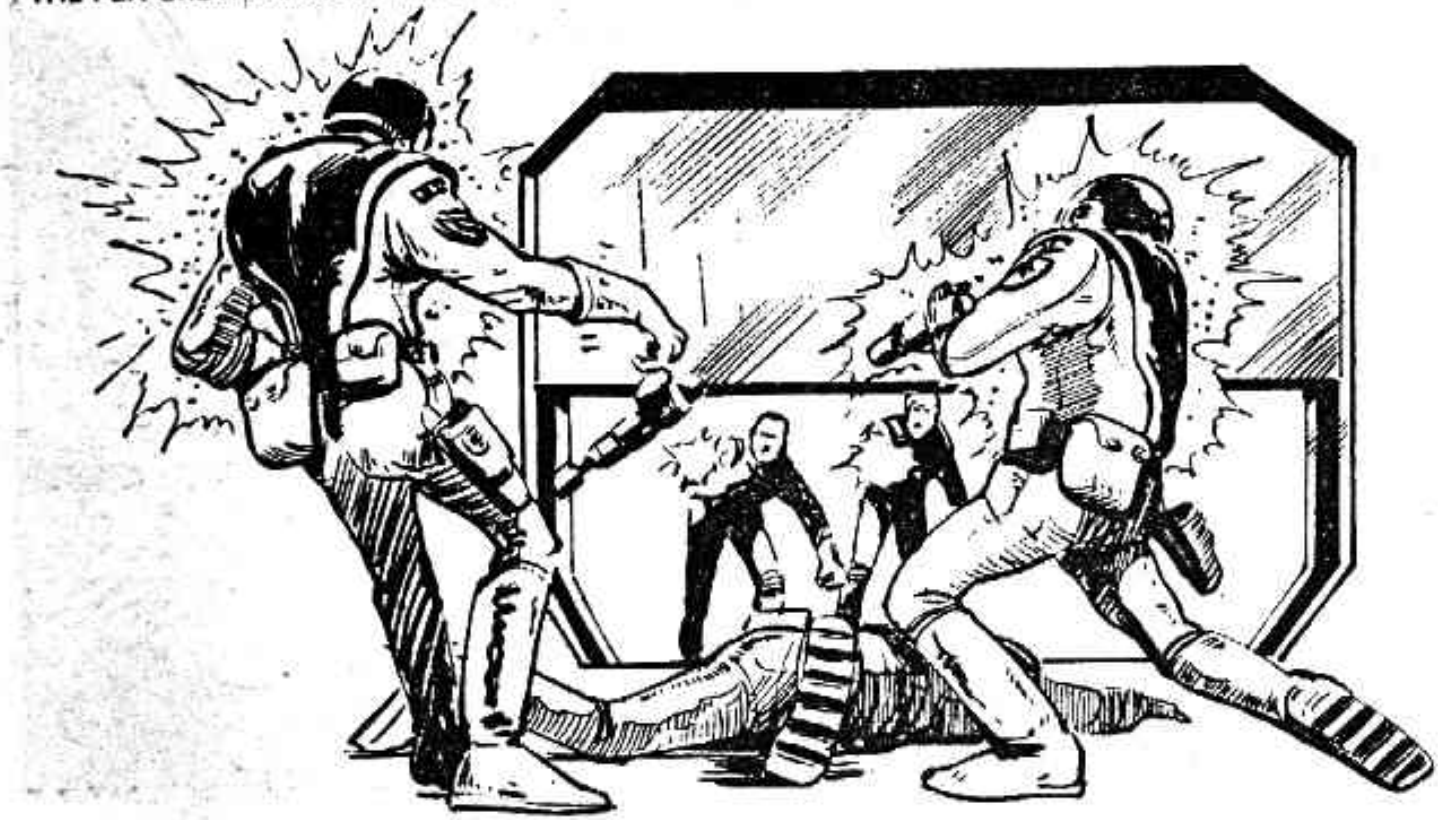
GUARDIAN RELEASED A STUNNING BURST OF ELECTRICITY THAT SENT THE THURGS REELING.

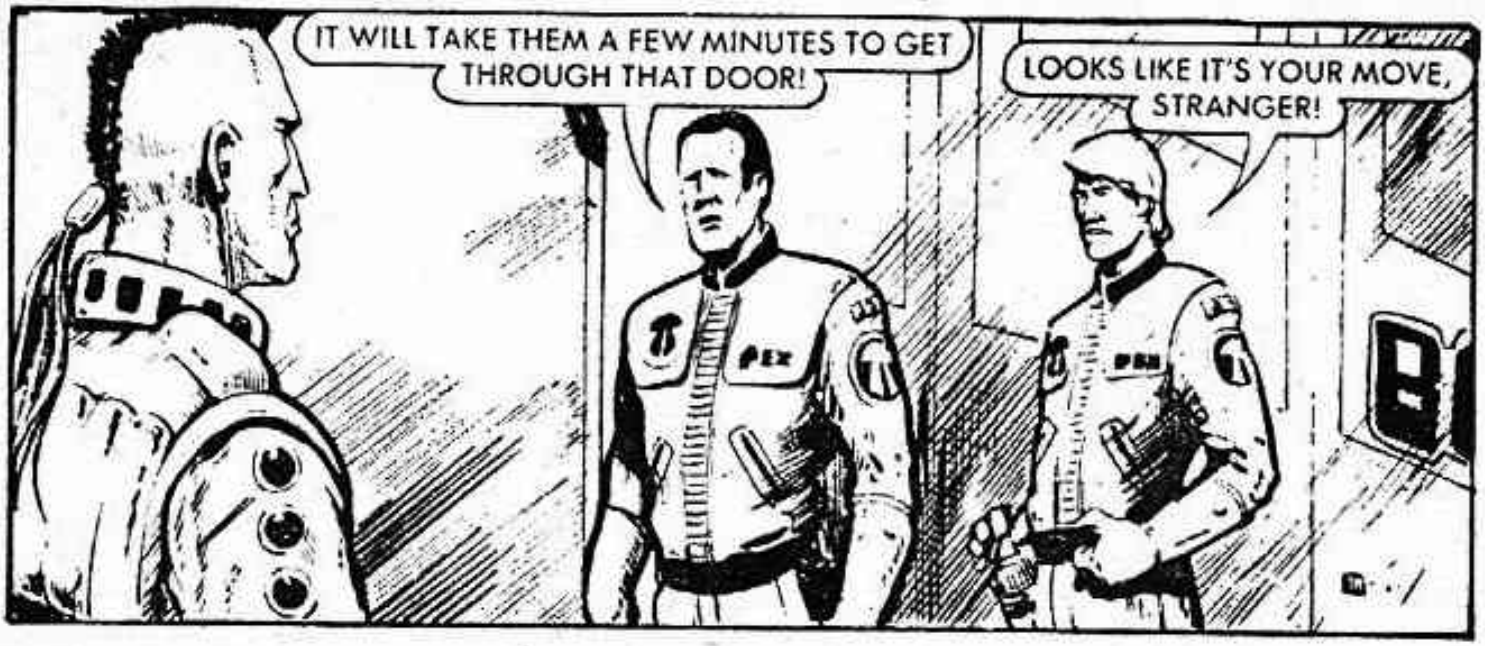
CHANE RIPPED A PLAS-MASK FROM THE FELLED THURG —

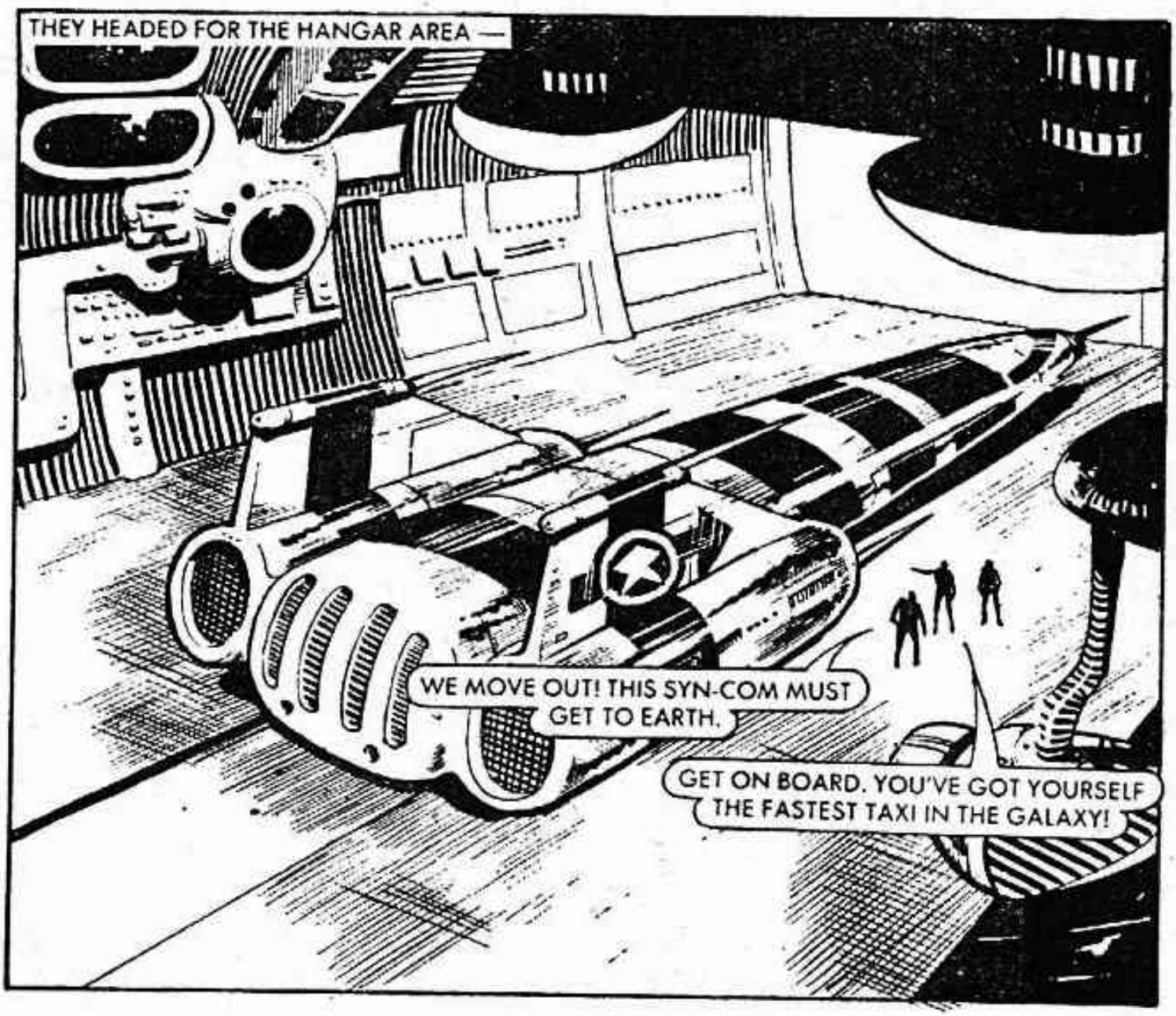
THEY'VE KILLED THE CAPTAIN!

SHOOT BACK! THEY'LL KILL US ALL!

THE PEX CREW BLASTED THE THURGS AS THE HANGAR DOORS CRASHED SHUT —



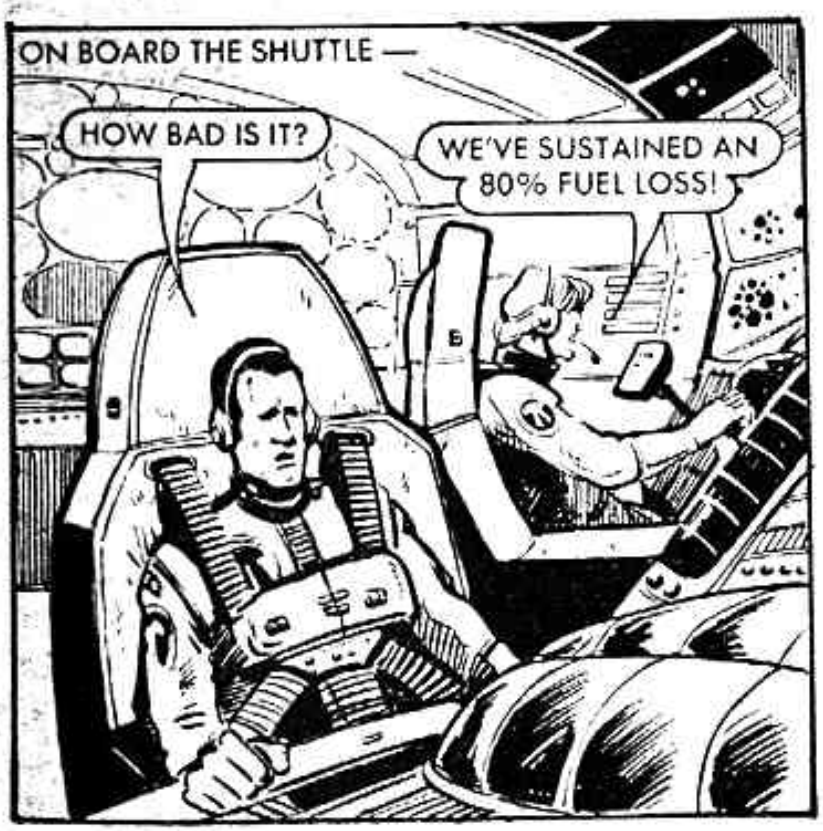

IT WILL TAKE THEM A FEW MINUTES TO GET THROUGH THAT DOOR!
LOOKS LIKE IT'S YOUR MOVE, STRANGER!


THEY HEADED FOR THE HANGAR AREA —
WE MOVE OUT! THIS SYN-COM MUST GET TO EARTH.
GET ON BOARD. YOU'VE GOT YOURSELF THE FASTEST TAXI IN THE GALAXY!

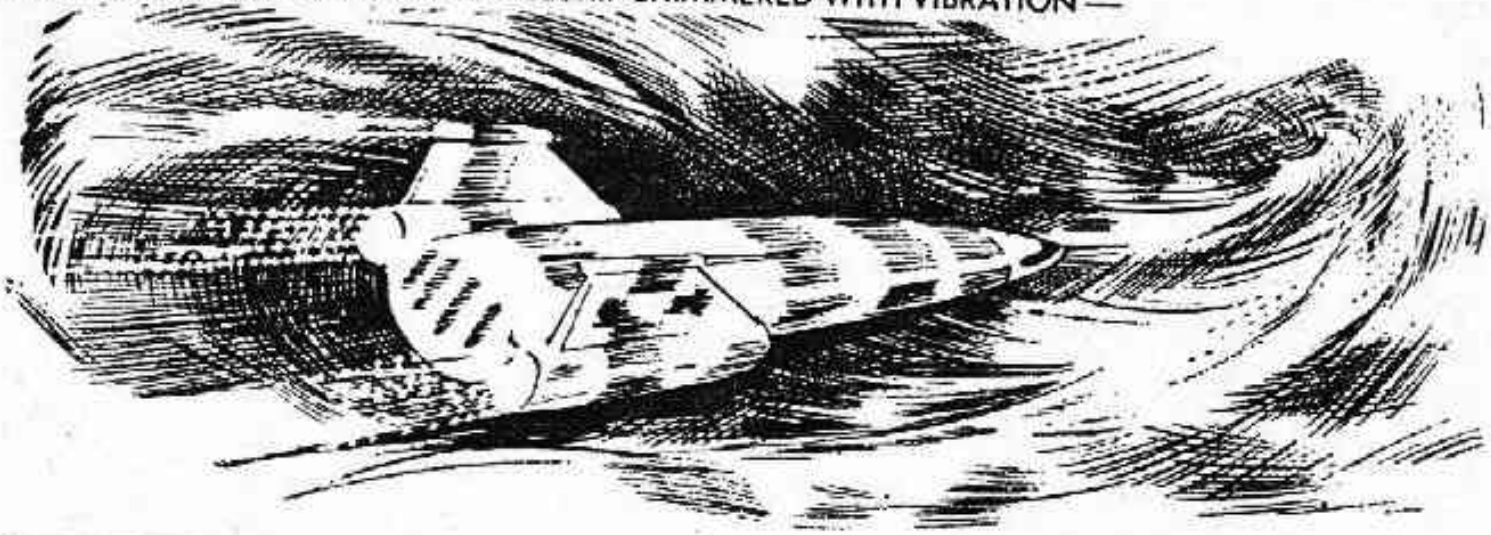
THE PEX SHUTTLE BLASTED OUT, BUT THE THURG SHIP WAS WAITING —

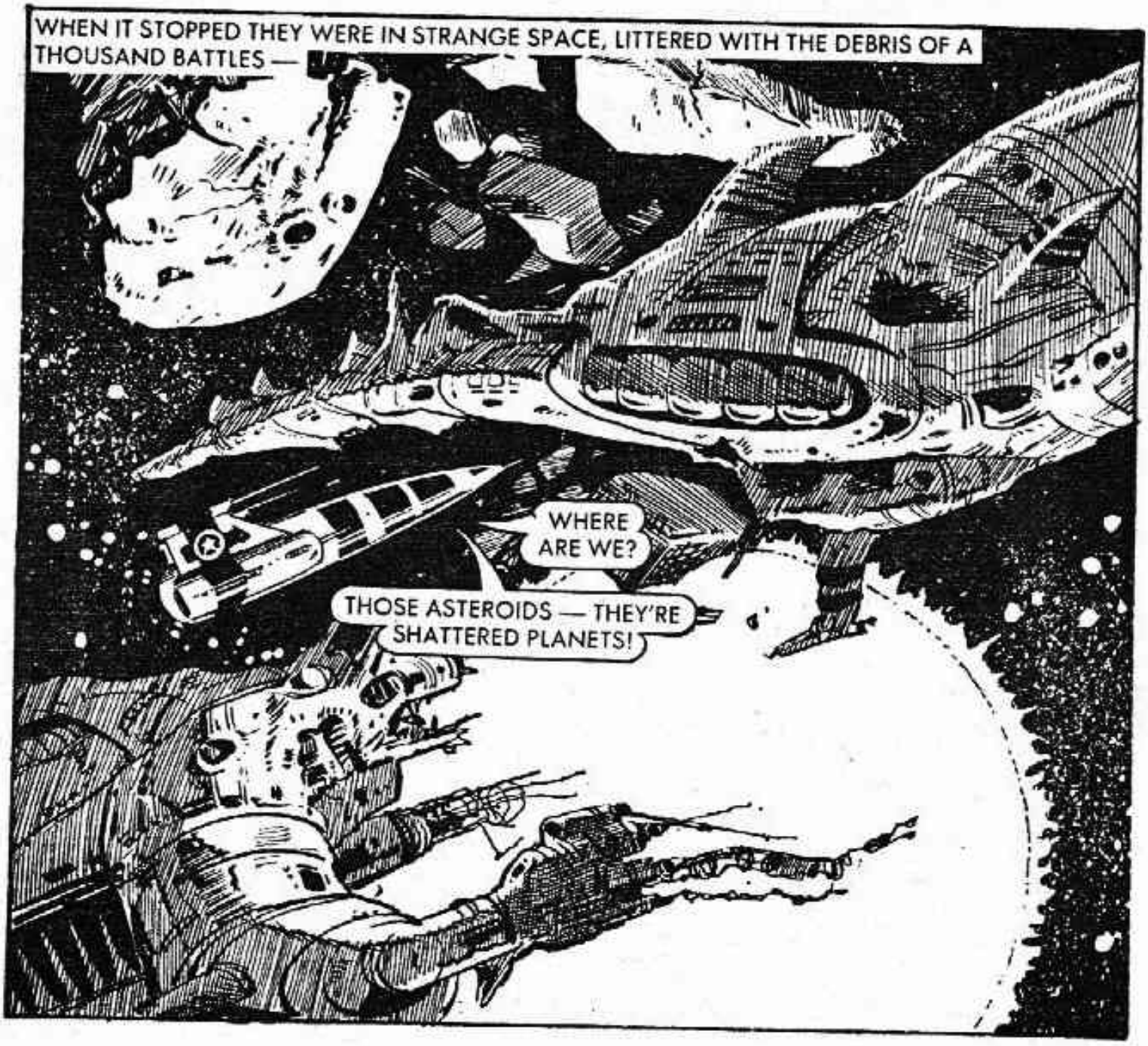
JUPE! A PHASER BEAM'S PIERCED THE PRIMARY FUEL TANK!

ALL PEX STATIONS HAD PHASERS TO PREVENT ILLEGAL ENTRY OR EXIT.



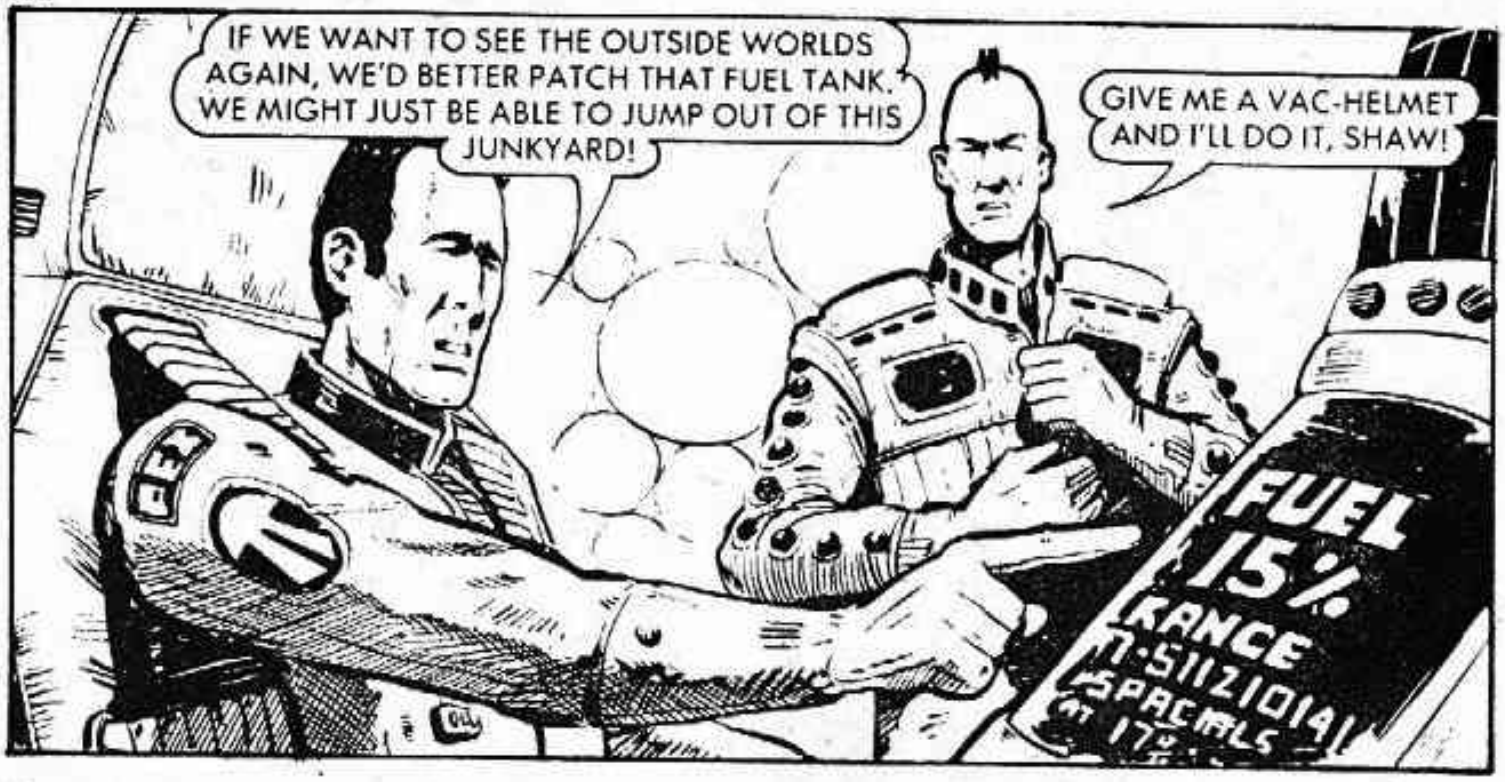
THE STARS BLURRED AND THE SPACESHIP SHIMMERED WITH VIBRATION —

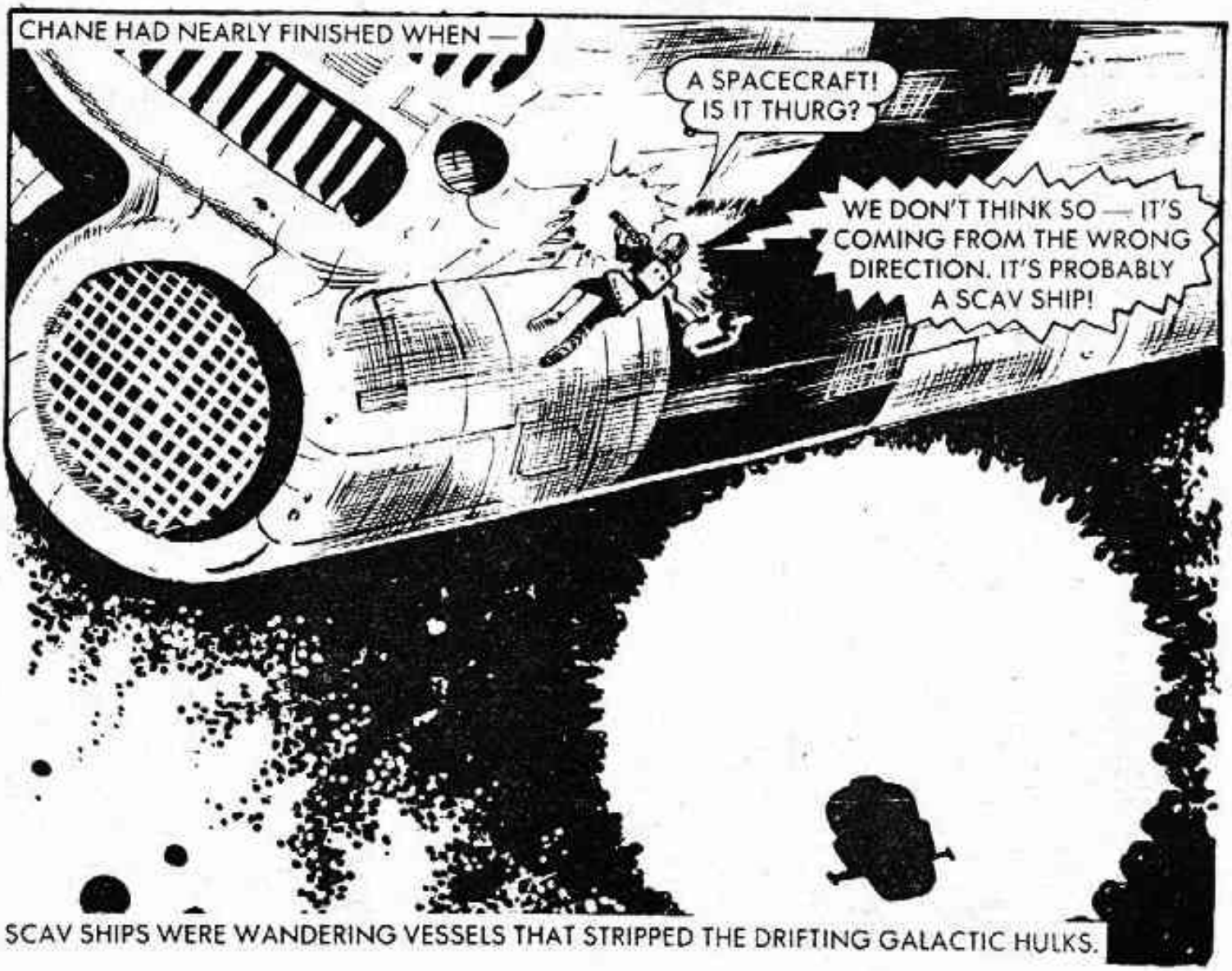




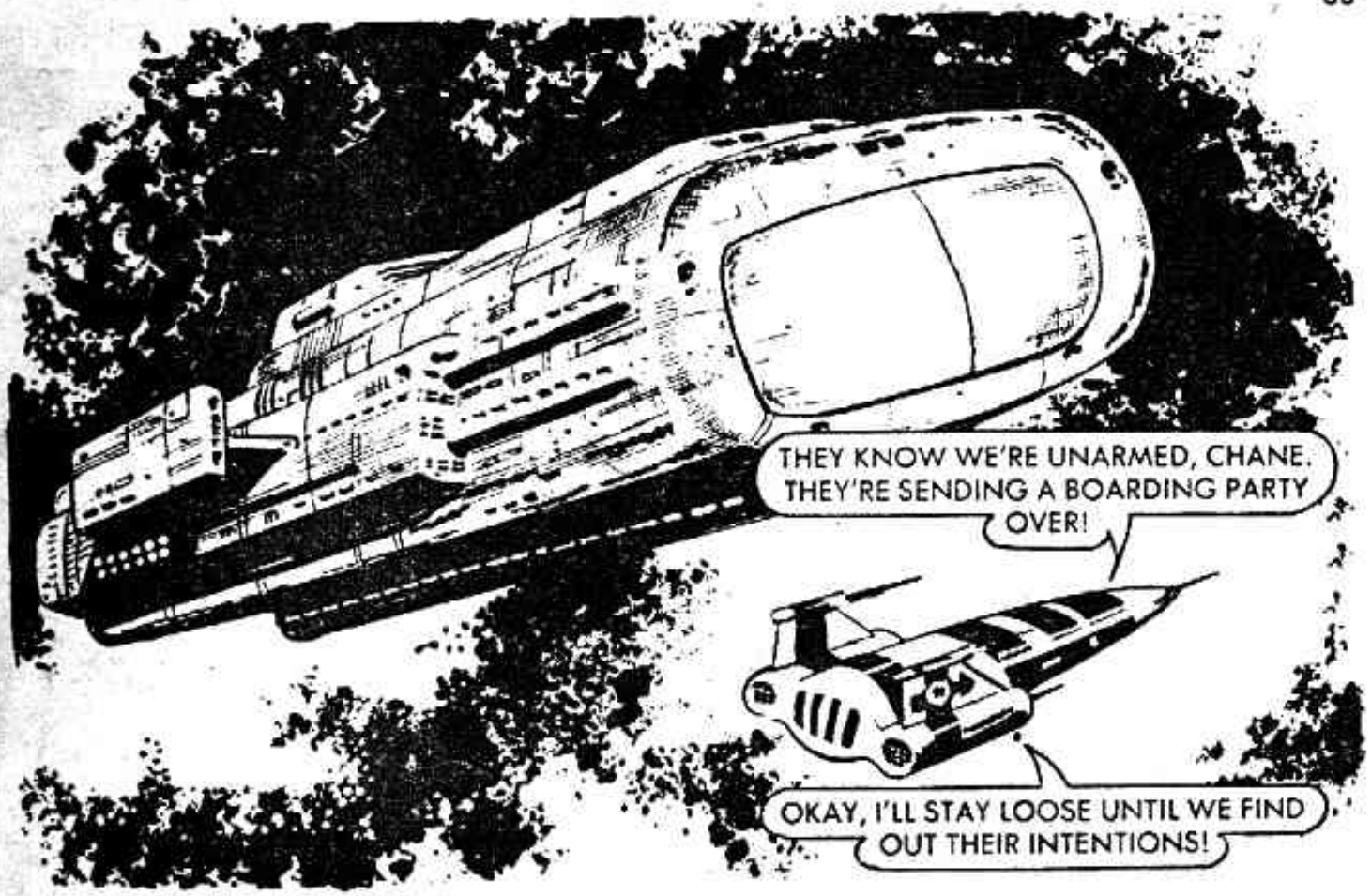
WE MUST BE IN WILDERSPACE! FIFTY YEARS AGO THIS WAS THE SITE OF THE KORGAN WARS. BOTH SIDES WIPED EACH OTHER OUT. THE PLANETS WERE SMASHED — THEY EVEN PUT THE SUN INTO A SUPERNOVA COUNTDOWN!

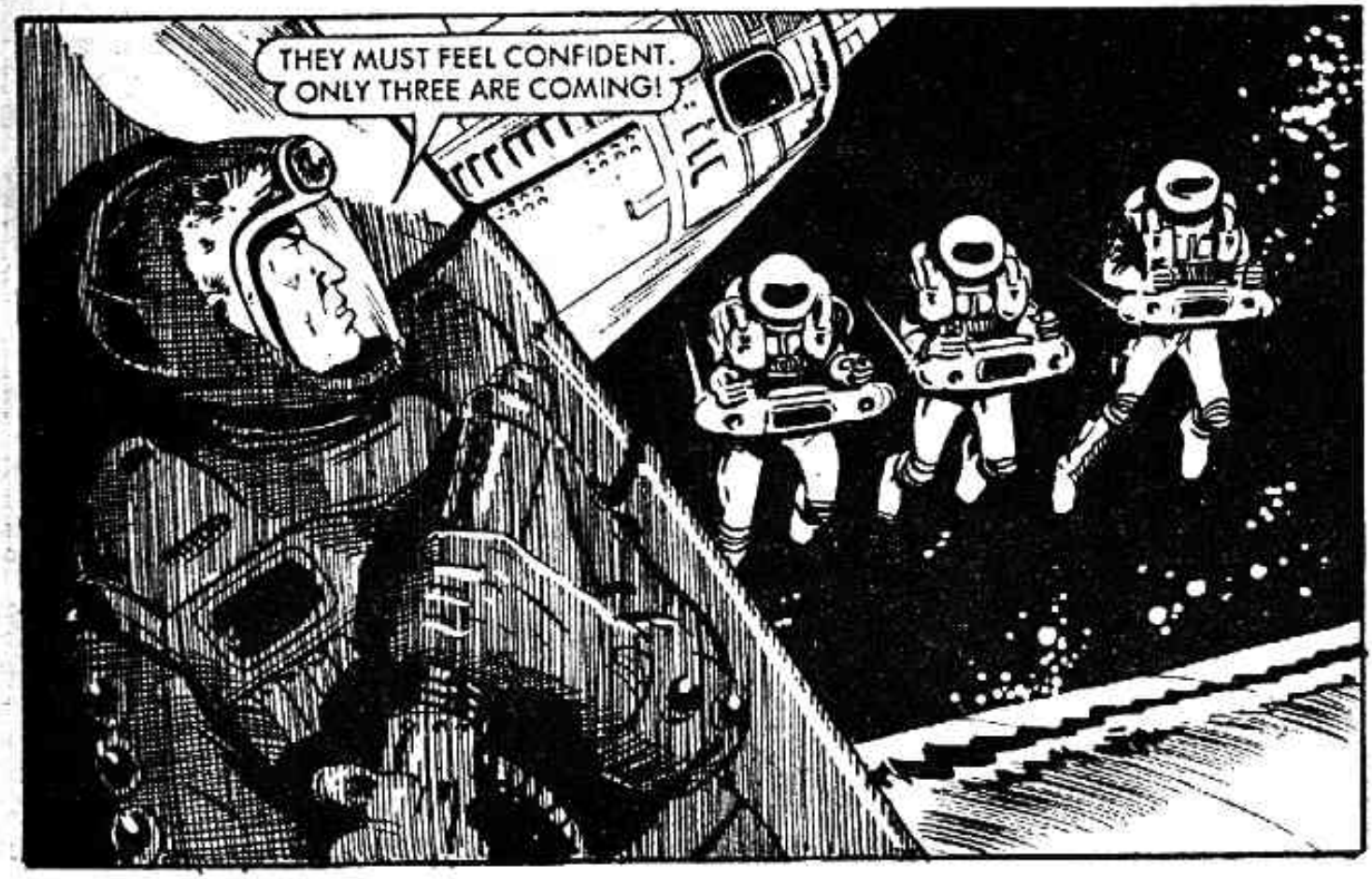
WITH ALL THIS DEBRIS IN ECCENTRIC ORBITS, IT'S TOO DANGEROUS FOR SPACESHIPS TO TRAVEL THROUGH HERE! THE ONLY BEINGS THAT COME HERE ARE THE SCAVENGERS — DREGS OF THE GALAXY! THEY SCOUR THE WRECKAGE FOR ANYTHING SALEABLE IN THE OUTSIDE WORLDS!





SCAV SHIPS WERE WANDERING VESSELS THAT STRIPPED THE DRIFTING GALACTIC HULKS.


THEY KNOW WE'RE UNARMED, CHANE. THEY'RE SENDING A BOARDING PARTY OVER!
OKAY, I'LL STAY LOOSE UNTIL WE FIND OUT THEIR INTENTIONS!

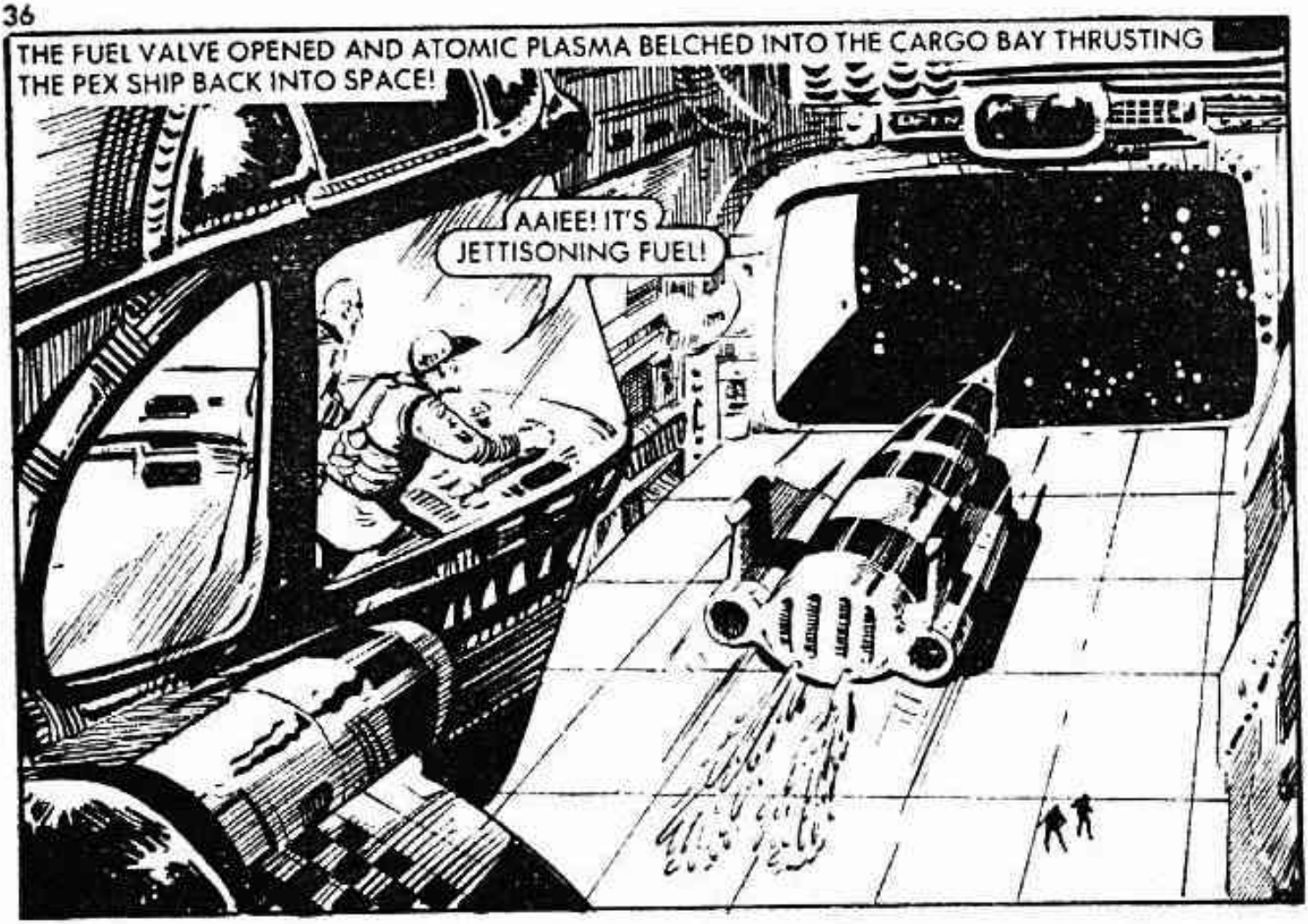

THEY MUST FEEL CONFIDENT. ONLY THREE ARE COMING!

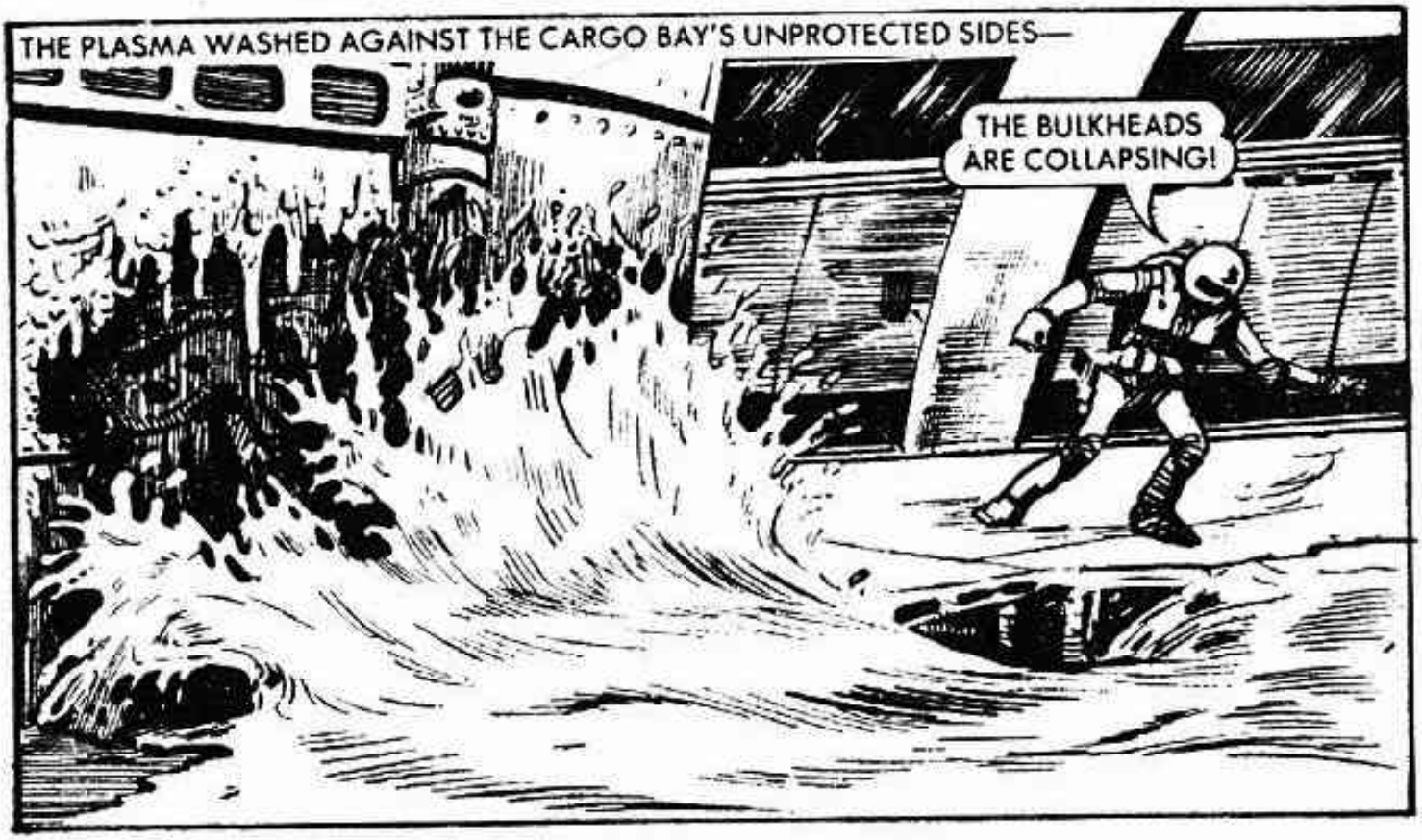
CHANE WATCHED AS THE SCAVS DETONATED A STUN MINE AGAINST THE HULL.
THAT WILL KNOCK THEM ALL UNCONSCIOUS!
TELL THE SHIP THIS IS READY FOR COLLECTION!

THE SCAV SHIP OPENED A CARGO BAY AND A TRACTION BEAM PULLED THE PEX SHIP INSIDE.
I THINK THINGS HAVE GONE FAR ENOUGH, GUARDIAN!
AGREED! I THINK THE SONIC WELDER WOULD BE OF USE!

HEY, VERMIN!
ARRRGH!

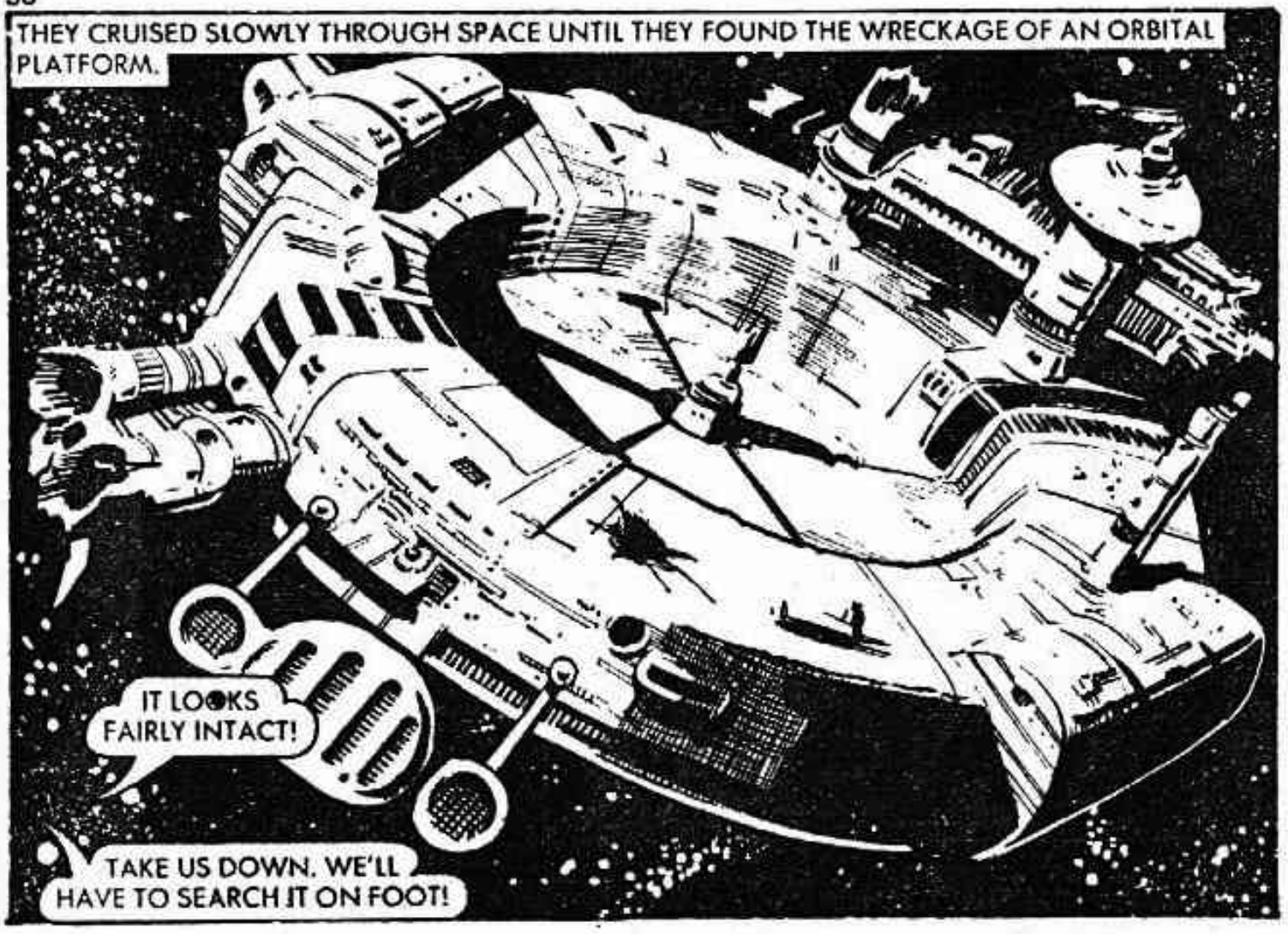
THE SCAVS COLLAPSED INTO SHAPELESS LUMPS AS THE SONIC WELDER VIBRATED THEIR BODY CELLS APART.
CAN YOU ORDER THE FUEL FILLER VALVE TO BE OPENED, GUARDIAN?
AFFIRMATIVE! I SUGGEST YOU ENTER THE AIRLOCK!

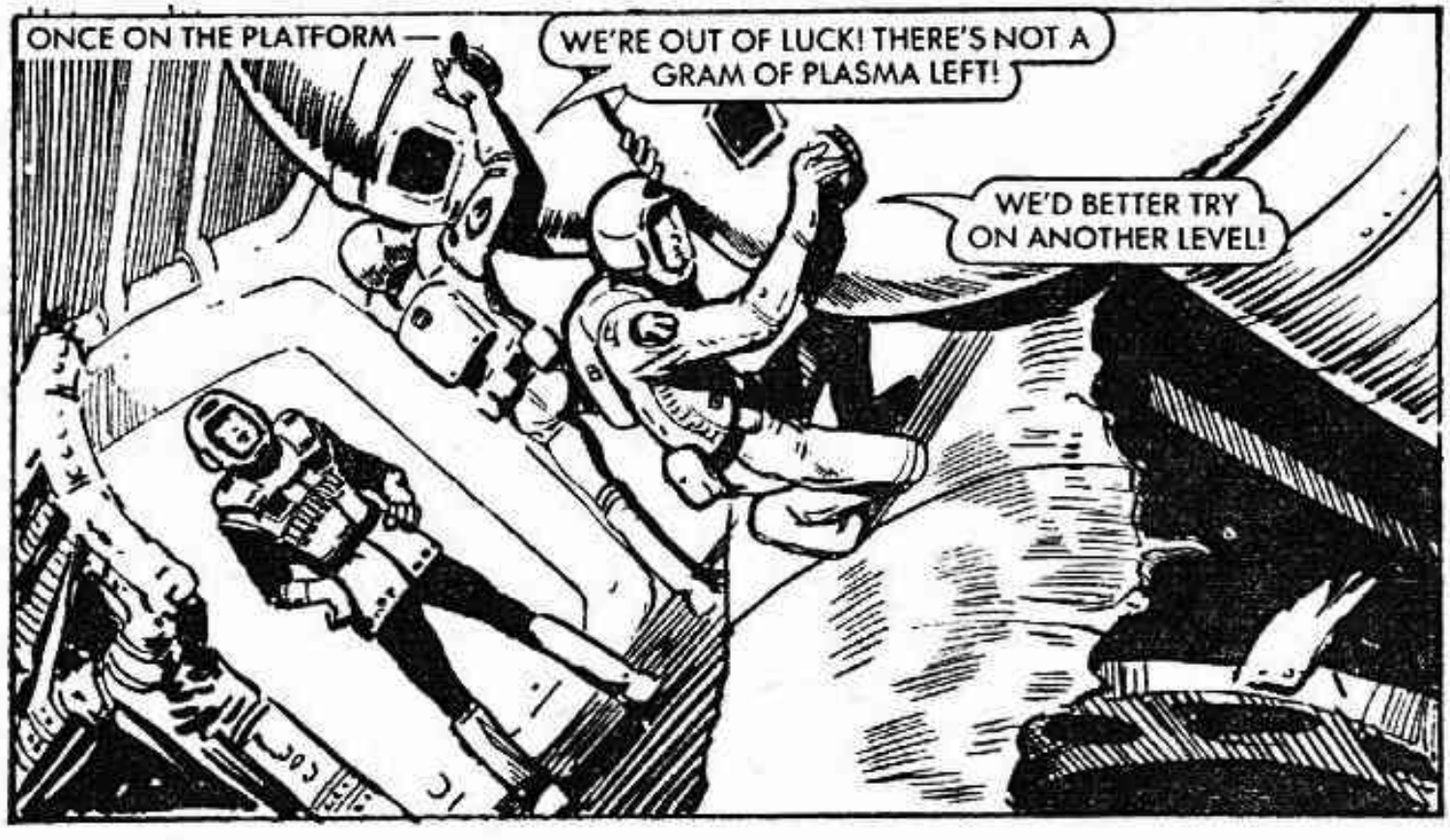

THE FUEL VALVE OPENED AND ATOMIC PLASMA BELCHED INTO THE CARGO BAY THRUSTING THE PEX SHIP BACK INTO SPACE!
AAIEE! IT'S JETTISONING FUEL!

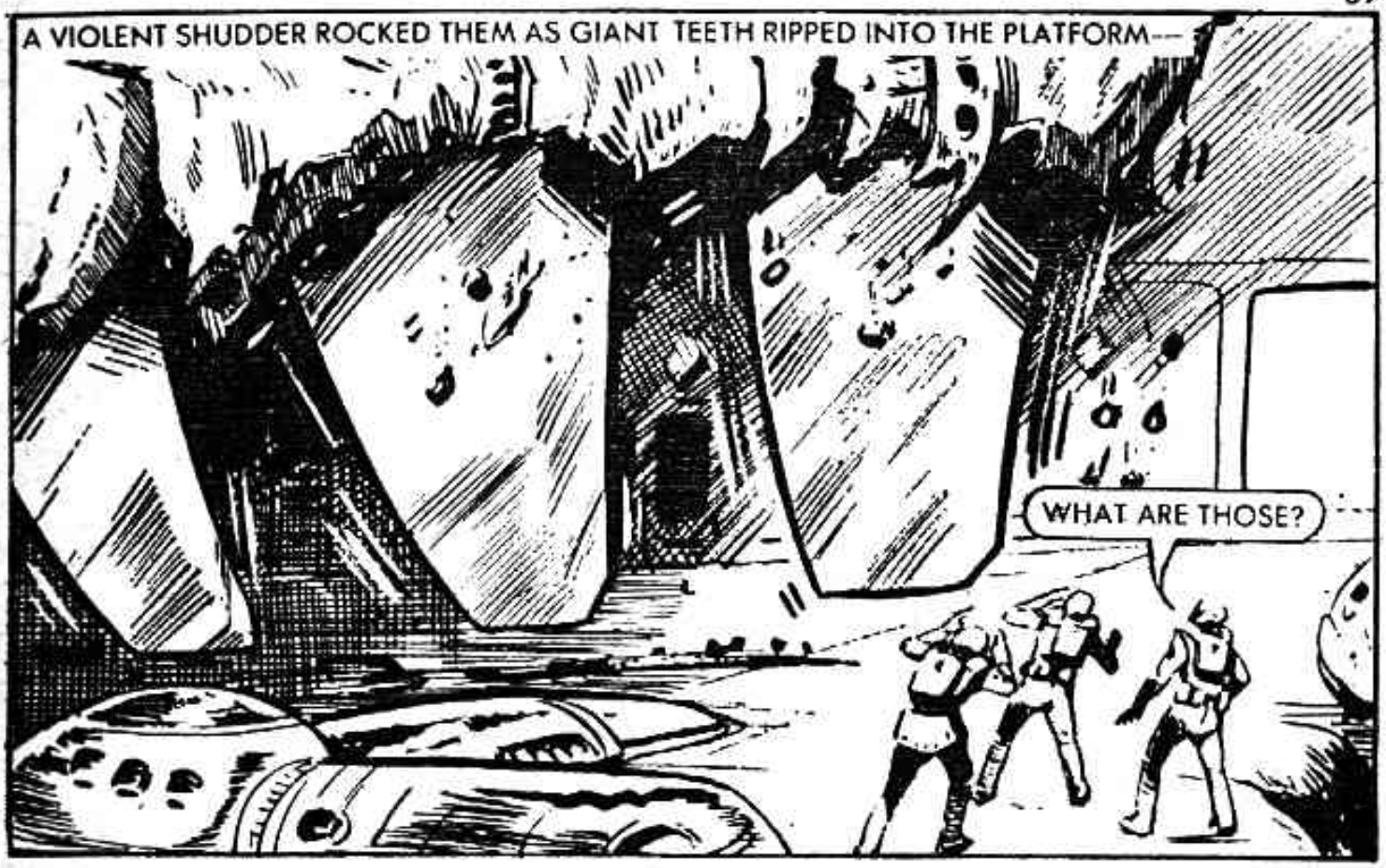

THE PLASMA WASHED AGAINST THE CARGO BAY'S UNPROTECTED SIDES—
THE BULKHEADS ARE COLLAPSING!

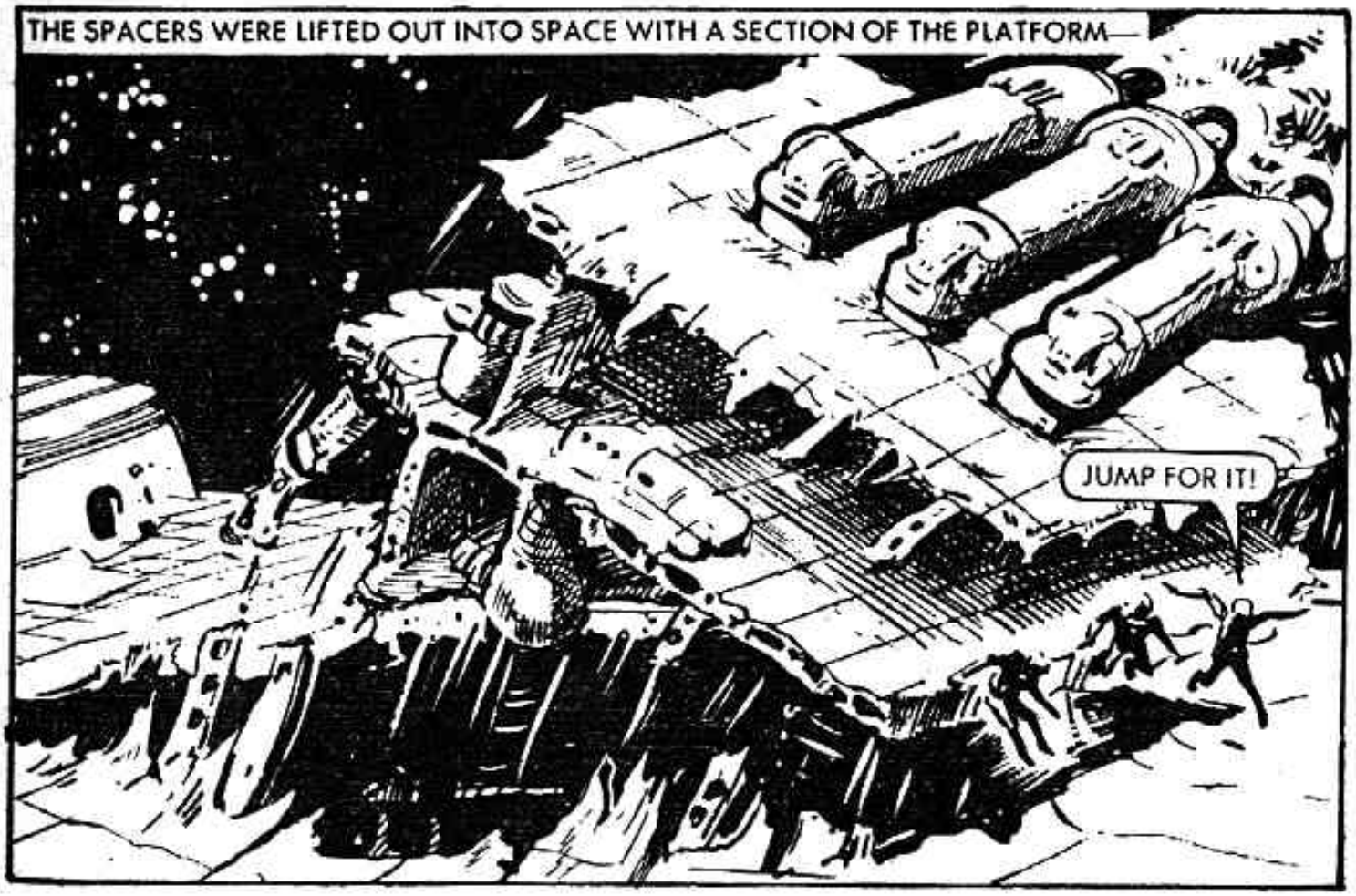
AS THE METAL GAVE WAY THE SHIP'S INNARDS WERE SUCKED INTO THE VACUUM OF SPACE →

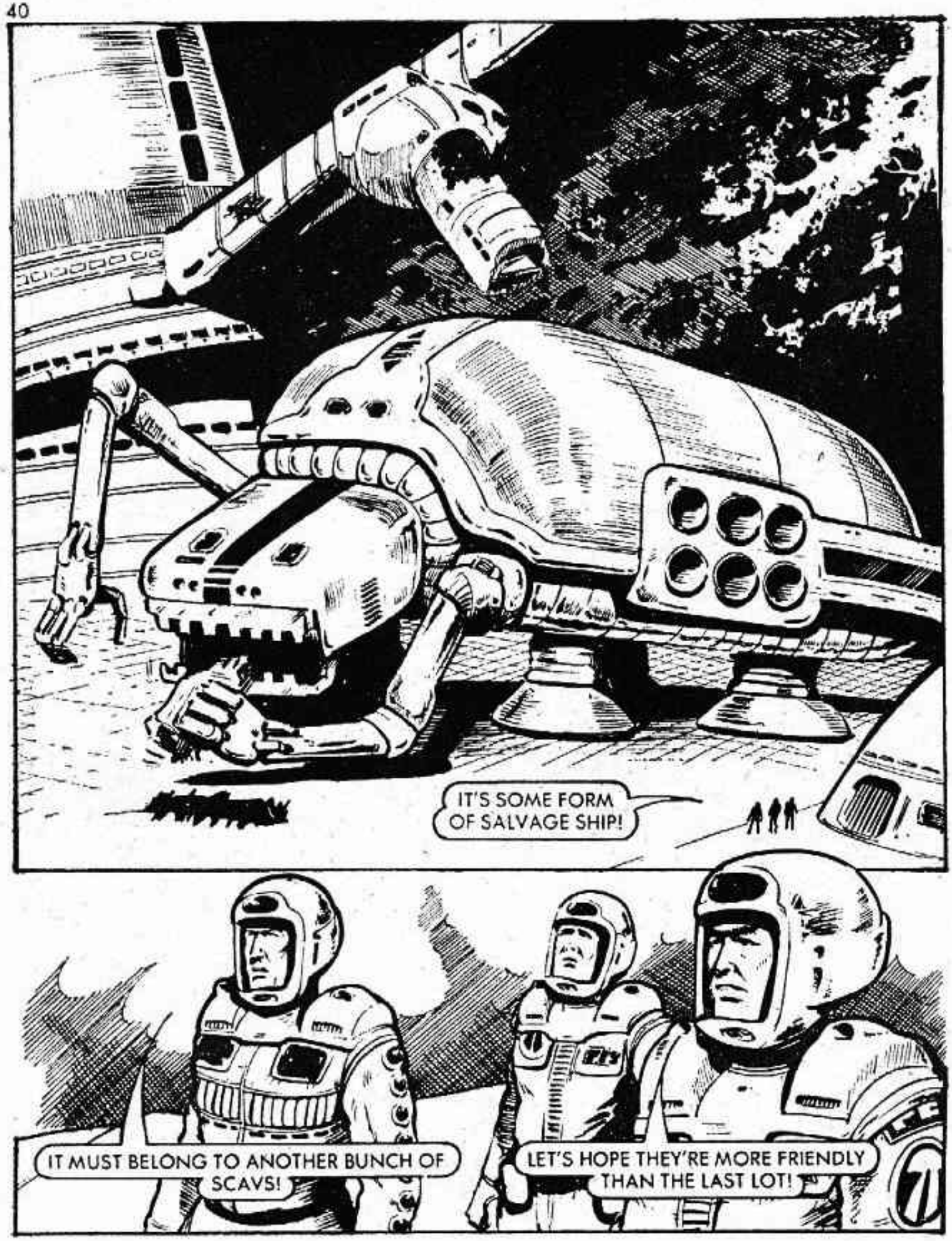
THEY WON'T BE BOTHERING US AGAIN! NOW LET'S GET THESE TWO REVIVED, GUARDIAN.


THEY CRUISED SLOWLY THROUGH SPACE UNTIL THEY FOUND THE WRECKAGE OF AN ORBITAL PLATFORM.
IT LOOKS FAIRLY INTACT!
TAKE US DOWN. WE'LL HAVE TO SEARCH IT ON FOOT!

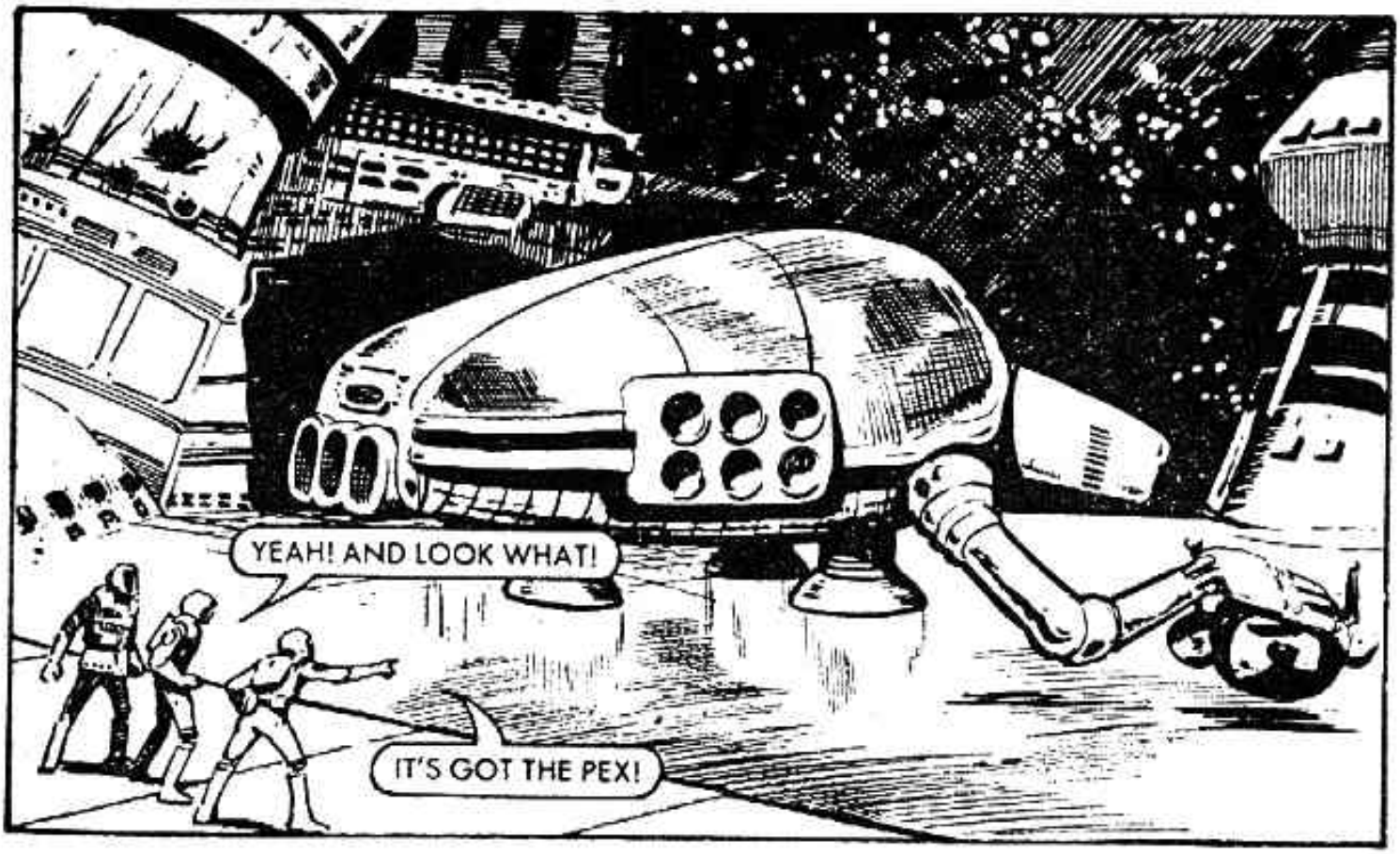

ONCE ON THE PLATFORM —
WE'RE OUT OF LUCK! THERE'S NOT A GRAM OF PLASMA LEFT!
WE'D BETTER TRY ON ANOTHER LEVEL!

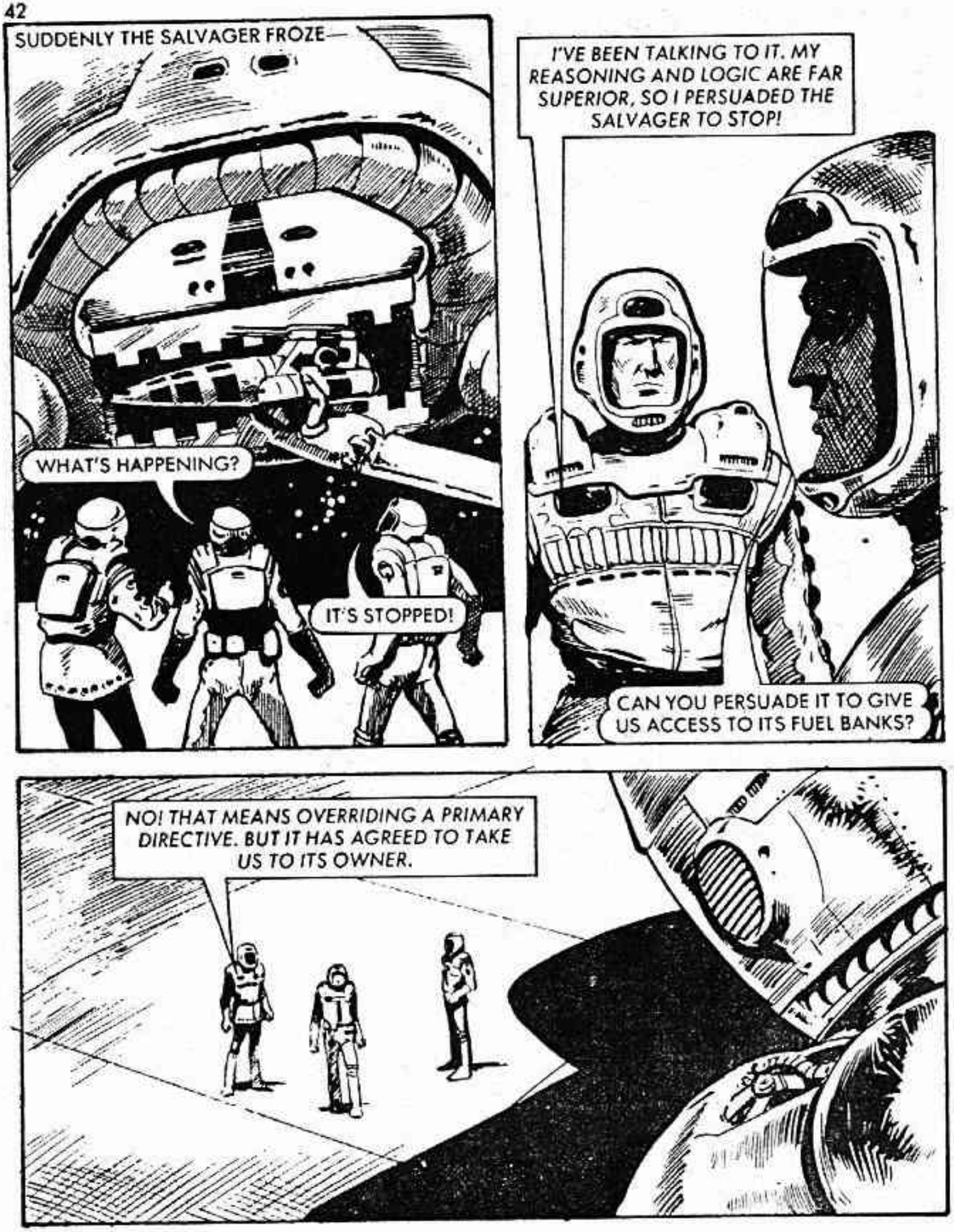

A VIOLENT SHUDDER ROCKED THEM AS GIANT TEETH RIPPED INTO THE PLATFORM—
WHAT ARE THOSE?


THE SPACERS WERE LIFTED OUT INTO SPACE WITH A SECTION OF THE PLATFORM—
JUMP FOR IT!


IT'S SOME FORM OF SALVAGE SHIP!
IT MUST BELONG TO ANOTHER BUNCH OF SCAVS!
LET'S HOPE THEY'RE MORE FRIENDLY THAN THE LAST LOT!

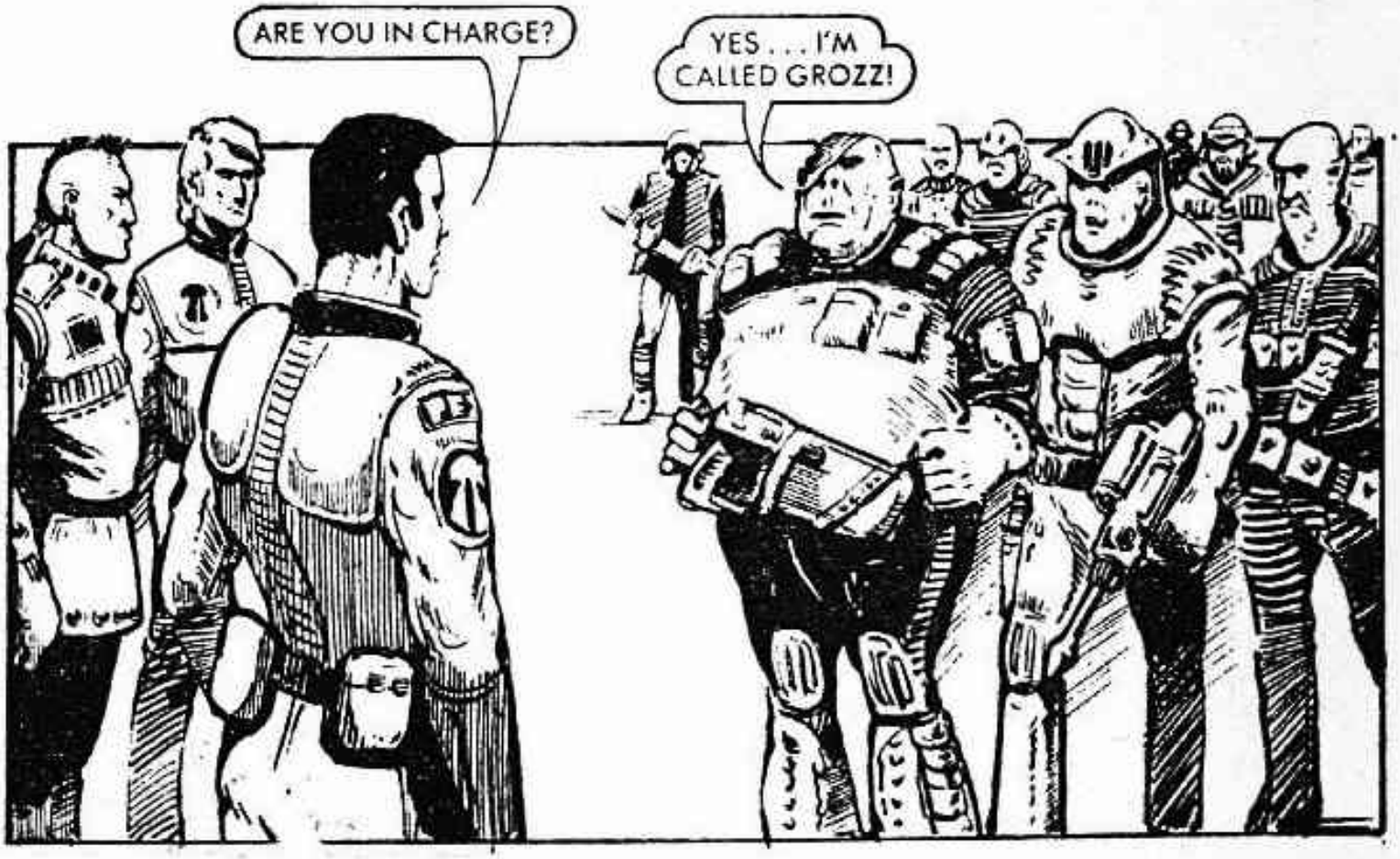
THERE ARE NO SCAVS ON BOARD. THE SALVAGER IS COMPLETELY ROBOTIC!
IT'S MOVING OFF! IT'S AFTER SOMETHING ELSE!


YEAH! AND LOOK WHAT!
IT'S GOT THE PEX!


SUDDENLY THE SALVAGER FROZE—
WHAT'S HAPPENING?
IT'S STOPPED!
I'VE BEEN TALKING TO IT. MY REASONING AND LOGIC ARE FAR SUPERIOR, SO I PERSUADED THE SALVAGER TO STOP!
CAN YOU PERSUADE IT TO GIVE US ACCESS TO ITS FUEL BANKS?
NO! THAT MEANS OVERRIDING A PRIMARY DIRECTIVE. BUT IT HAS AGREED TO TAKE US TO ITS OWNER.

WITH THE SALVAGER HOLDING THEIR SHIP, THEY SPACED OUT UNTIL THEY SIGHTED A RUINED CITY STILL ATTACHED TO A FRAGMENT OF PLANET.

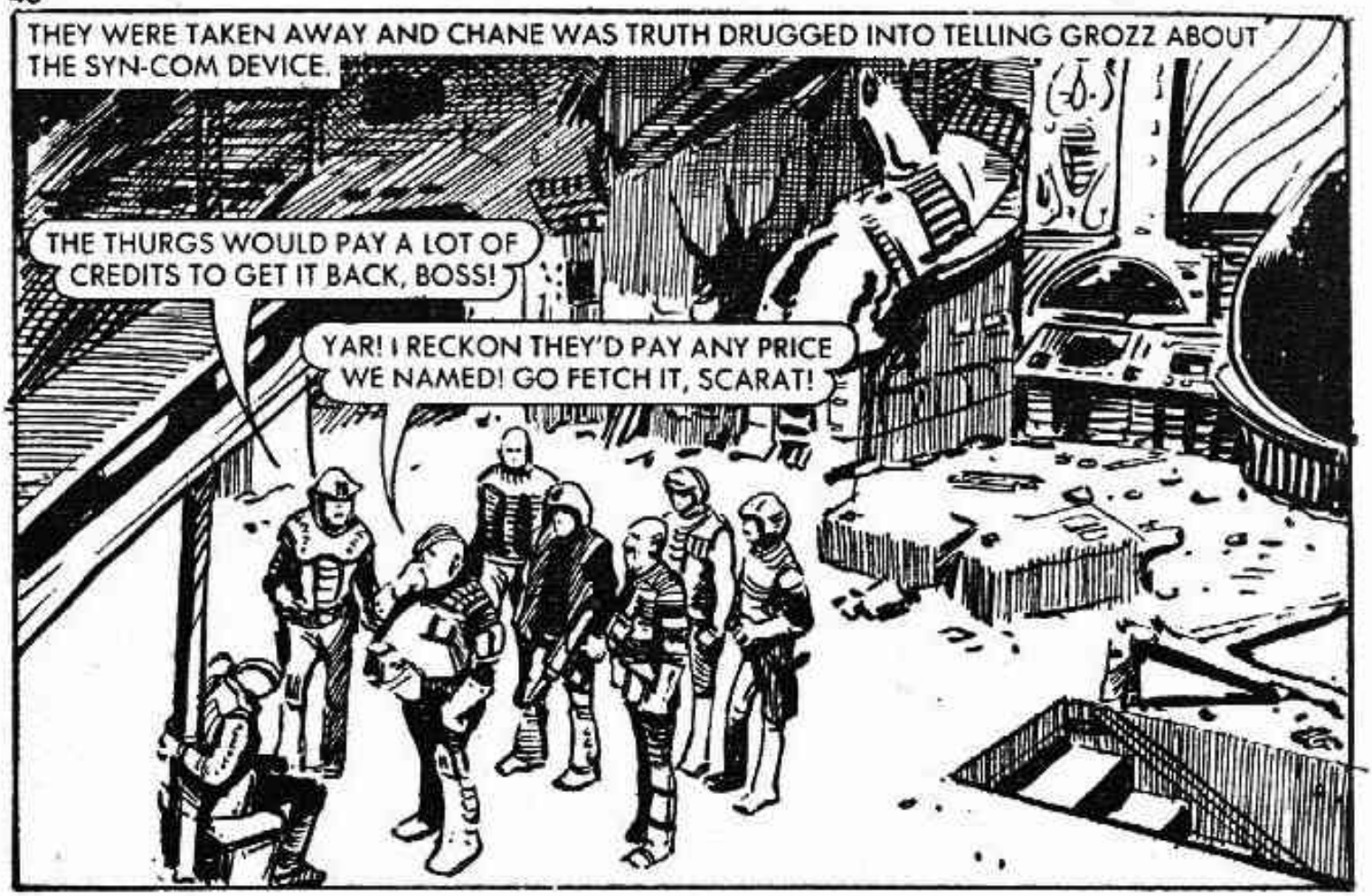
THE SALVAGER LANDED ON THE VAST OPEN AREA —
HERE COME THE RECEPTION COMMITTEE!

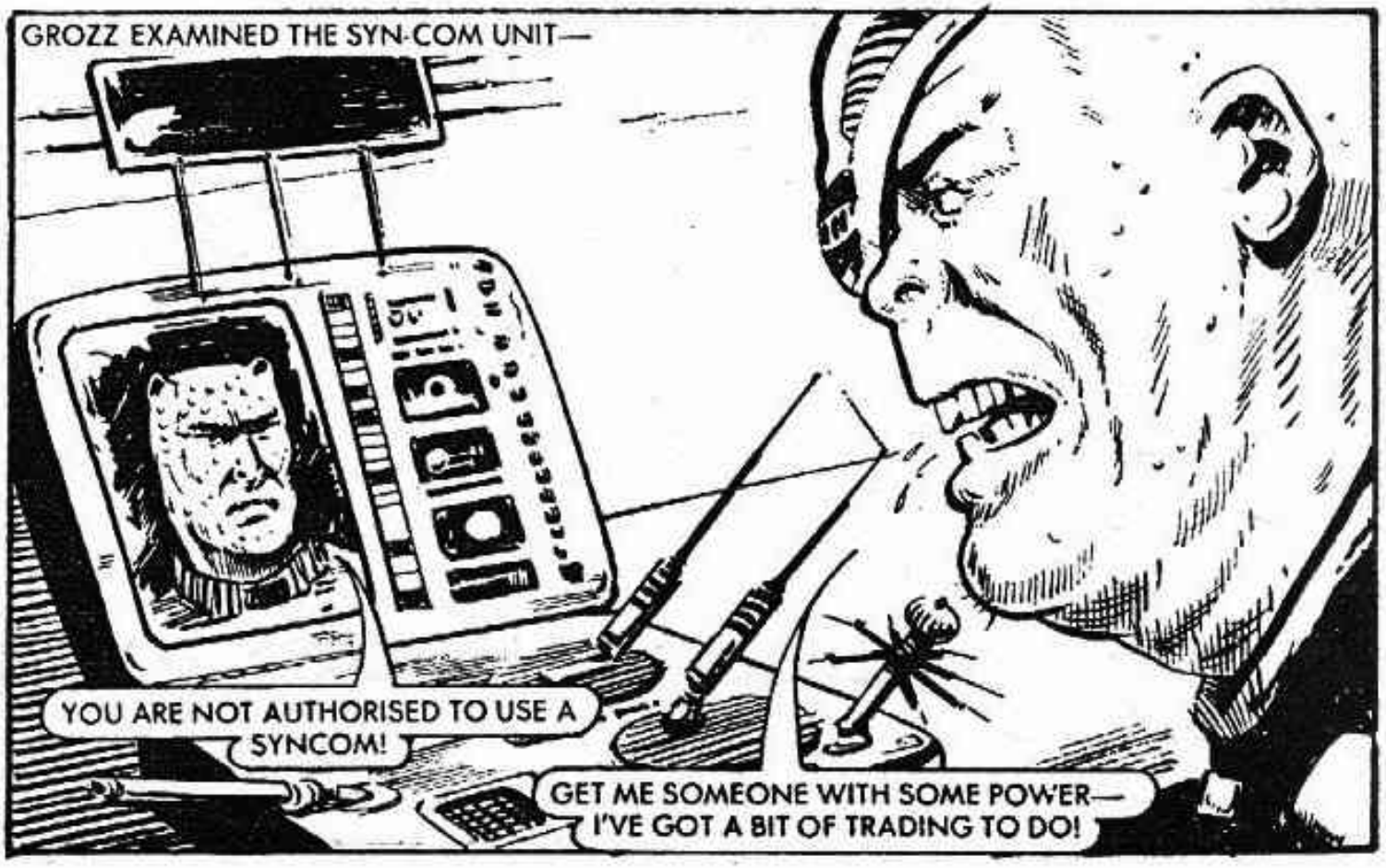

ARE YOU IN CHARGE?
YES . . . I'M CALLED GROZZ!

WHAT'S A PEX SHIP DOING IN WILDERSPACE?
WE HAD A FLUKE-OUT IN OUR PRIMARY FUEL BANKS. IF YOU REFUEL US THE FEDERATION WILL PAY YOU MORE THAN YOU EARN IN A YEAR!

SEEMS LIKE A GOOD DEAL. NOW EXPLAIN WHY HE'S TRAVELLING WITH YOU! HE'S NOT A PEX MAN!
HE'S A SPECIALIST WE'RE TAKING TO A SATELLITE!
PEX

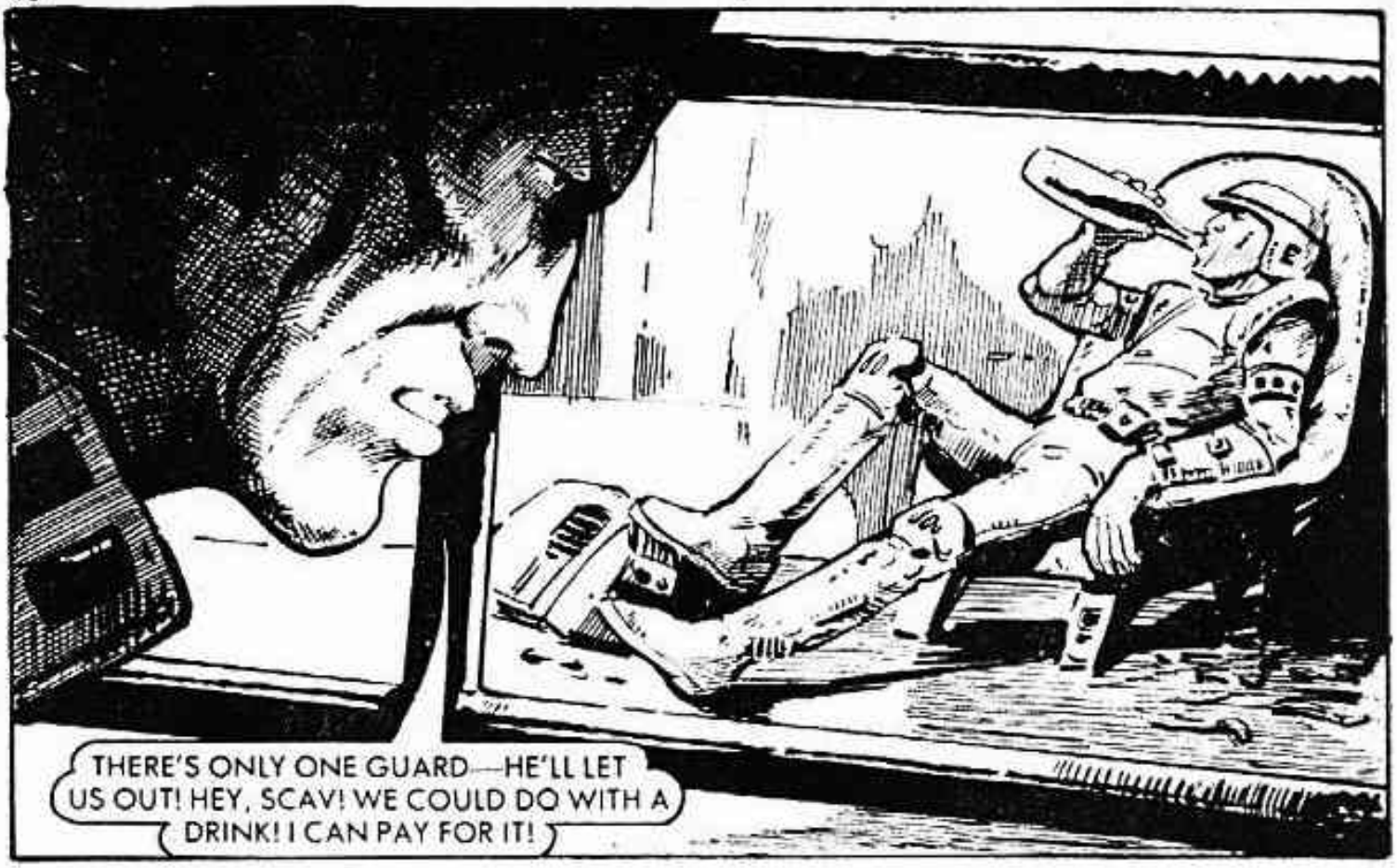
YOU'RE LYING! PEX ARE FORBIDDEN TO CARRY PASSENGERS! I THINK THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE I SHOULD KNOW! SEIZE THEM!


THEY WERE TAKEN AWAY AND CHANE WAS TRUTH DRUGGED INTO TELLING GROZZ ABOUT THE SYN-COM DEVICE.
THE THURGS WOULD PAY A LOT OF CREDITS TO GET IT BACK, BOSS!
YAR! I RECKON THEY'D PAY ANY PRICE WE NAMED! GO FETCH IT, SCARAT!


GROZZ EXAMINED THE SYN-COM UNIT—
YOU ARE NOT AUTHORISED TO USE A SYNCOM!
GET ME SOMEONE WITH SOME POWER— I'VE GOT A BIT OF TRADING TO DO!

AND SO—
WE ACCEDE TO ALL YOUR DEMANDS, GROZZ. A SHIP WILL ARRIVE IN FIVE SOLORBS TO EXCHANGE CREDS FOR THE DEVICE AND PRISONERS. KEEP THEM SAFELY, WE WISH TO QUESTION THEM!
AGREED!

THE EARTHMEN WERE LOCKED IN ANOTHER PART OF THE CITY.
IT'S PRIMITIVE, BUT EFFECTIVE! THERE'S NO WAY OUT OF IT!


THERE'S ONLY ONE GUARD—HE'LL LET US OUT! HEY, SCAV! WE COULD DO WITH A DRINK! I CAN PAY FOR IT!

WITH WHAT? WE'VE TAKEN ALL YOUR GEAR!

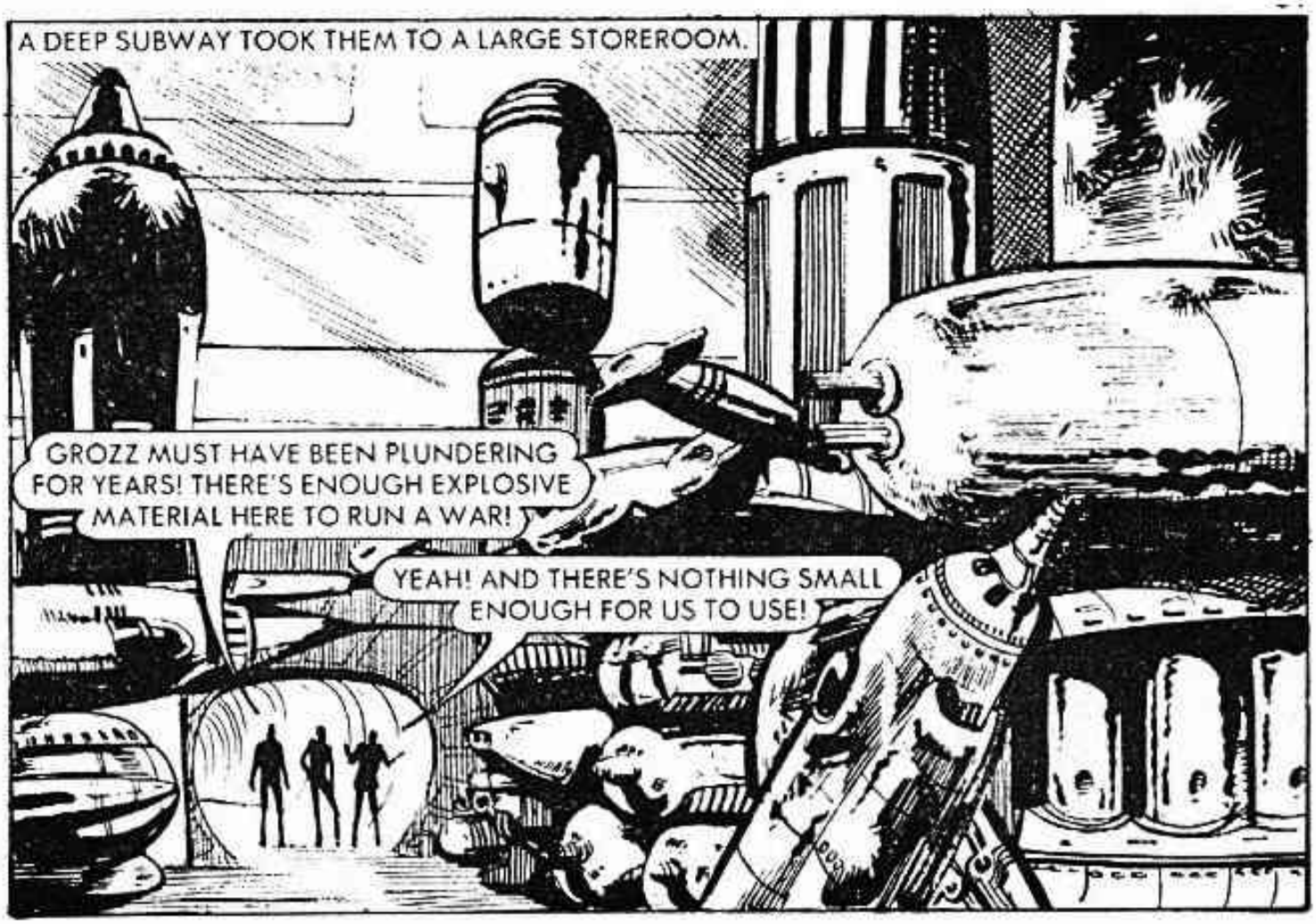
YOU OVERLOOKED MY TUNIC. IT'S BLASTER-PROOF AND IT CAN TALK IN A THOUSAND LANGUAGES! IT'S WORTH A GOOD DRINK!
I COULD DO WITH SOMETHING LIKE THAT! GIVE IT HERE!

THERE'S STILL NO DRINK FOR PRISONERS—BUT THANKS FOR THE TUNIC! C'MON, TUNIC, SAY SOMETHING TO ME!

AS YOU WISH. THERE'S A POISONED NEEDLE IN YOUR NECK WHICH CAN KILL IN ONE SECOND! RELEASE YOUR PRISONERS AT ONCE—OR DIE!
GULP! ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT!

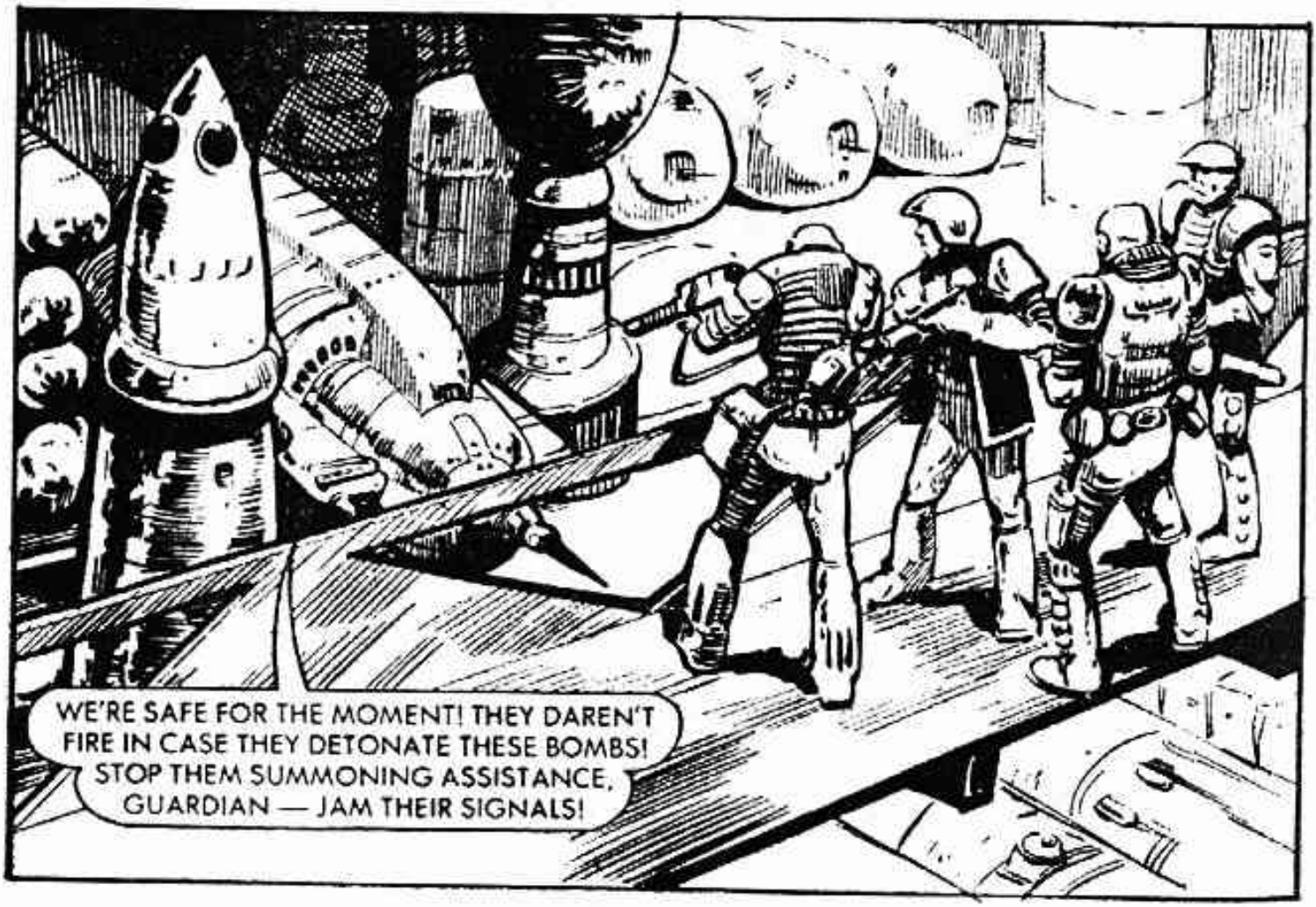
MINUTES LATER THEY WERE MAKING THEIR WAY THROUGH THE RUINED CITY—
WHY DID GROZZ IMPRISON US SO FAR FROM HIS HEADQUARTERS?
HE HID US AS INSURANCE AGAINST THURG DOUBLE-CROSSING. THE THURGS NEED TO KNOW IF WE'VE MADE ANY MOVES TO CONTACT EARTH IN ANY WAY!

WE MUST RECOVER THE SYN-COM AND THAT MEANS GETTING SOME FIREPOWER! THE GUARD'S STUN GUN'S NOT MUCH USE!
I'M REGISTERING RADIATION AHEAD AND BELOW US, CHANGE. THAT WOULD INDICATE AN ARMS STORE!


A DEEP SUBWAY TOOK THEM TO A LARGE STOREROOM.
GROZZ MUST HAVE BEEN PLUNDERING FOR YEARS! THERE'S ENOUGH EXPLOSIVE MATERIAL HERE TO RUN A WAR!
YEAH! AND THERE'S NOTHING SMALL ENOUGH FOR US TO USE!

THE SUDDEN SCREAM OF A BLASTER TORE THE AIR AND CHANE WAS CATAPULTED AGAINST HIS COMPANIONS AS THE BLAST SMASHED INTO HIS BACK —
ARRGH!

THEY FELL INTO THE SHELTER OF A HUGE BOMB.
YOU'RE ALIVE!
LIKE I SAID — GUARDIAN'S BLASTER-PROOF!
THERE ARE FOUR OF THEM ON AN OVERHEAD WALKWAY!


WE'RE SAFE FOR THE MOMENT! THEY DAREN'T FIRE IN CASE THEY DETONATE THESE BOMBS! STOP THEM SUMMONING ASSISTANCE, GUARDIAN — JAM THEIR SIGNALS!

THEY'RE OUT OF RANGE OF THE STUN-GUN, CHANE!
DON'T BET ON IT! IF I BUST THE SAFETY LIMITER IT WILL ACT LIKE A . . .

. . . GRENADE!

LOOKS LIKE WE'VE GOT OURSELVES SOME WEAPONRY!

THEY TOOK THE SCAV'S BLASTERS AND FOUND GROZZ'S CONTROL CHAMBER.
HE'S IN VID CONTACT. THAT MEANS THE THURGS WILL BE HERE SOON!
WE'VE GOT MISSILES TRAINED ON YOU! ANY TRICKS AND YOU'RE DEAD!
WE UNDERSTAND YOU.

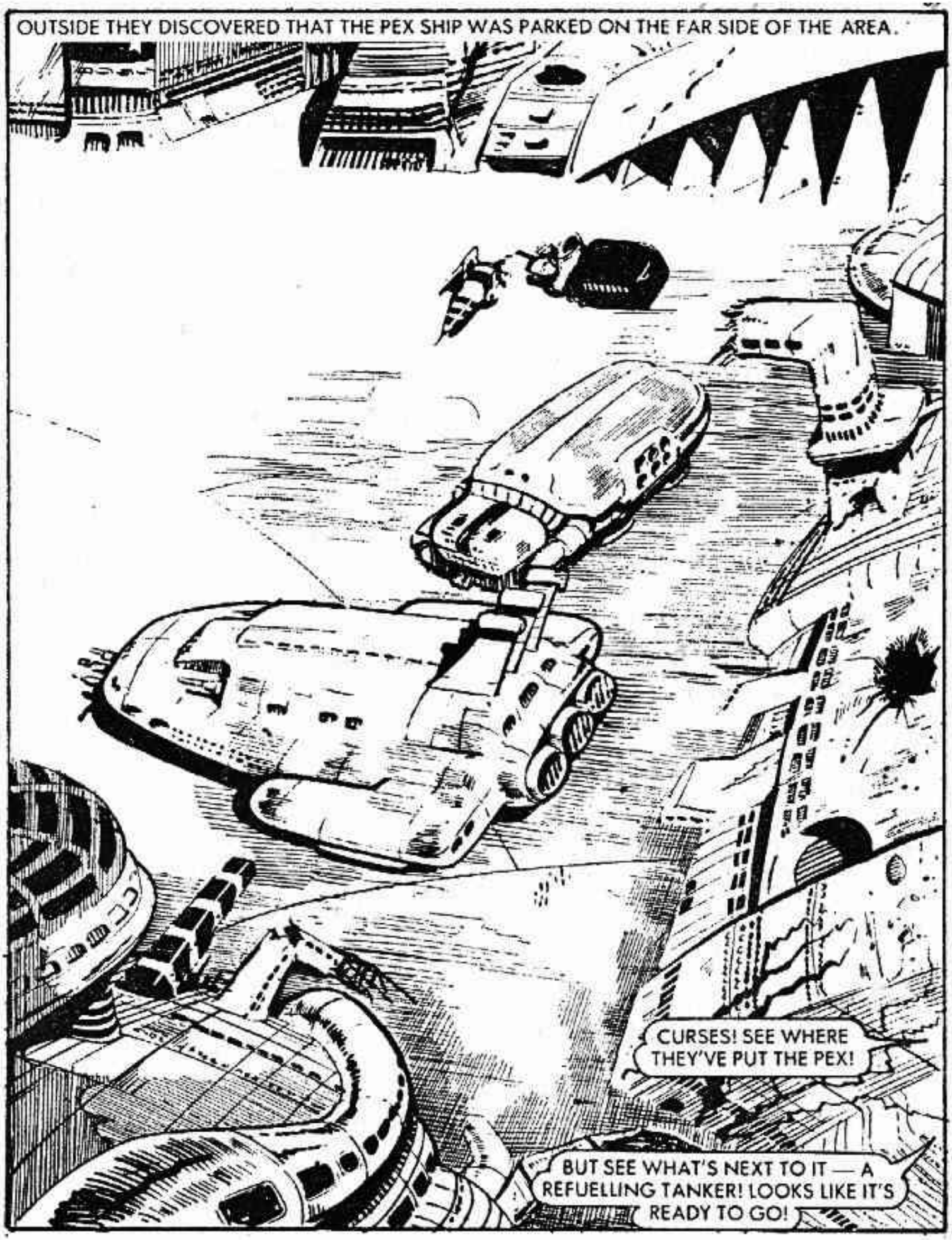
I DON'T TRUST THE THURGS! I WANT YOU TO FETCH THE PRISONERS AND GUARD THE SYN-COM! YOU BRING THEM ALL ONLY WHEN THE THURGS HAVE DELIVERED THE CREDS! GOT IT?
GOT IT, BOSS!

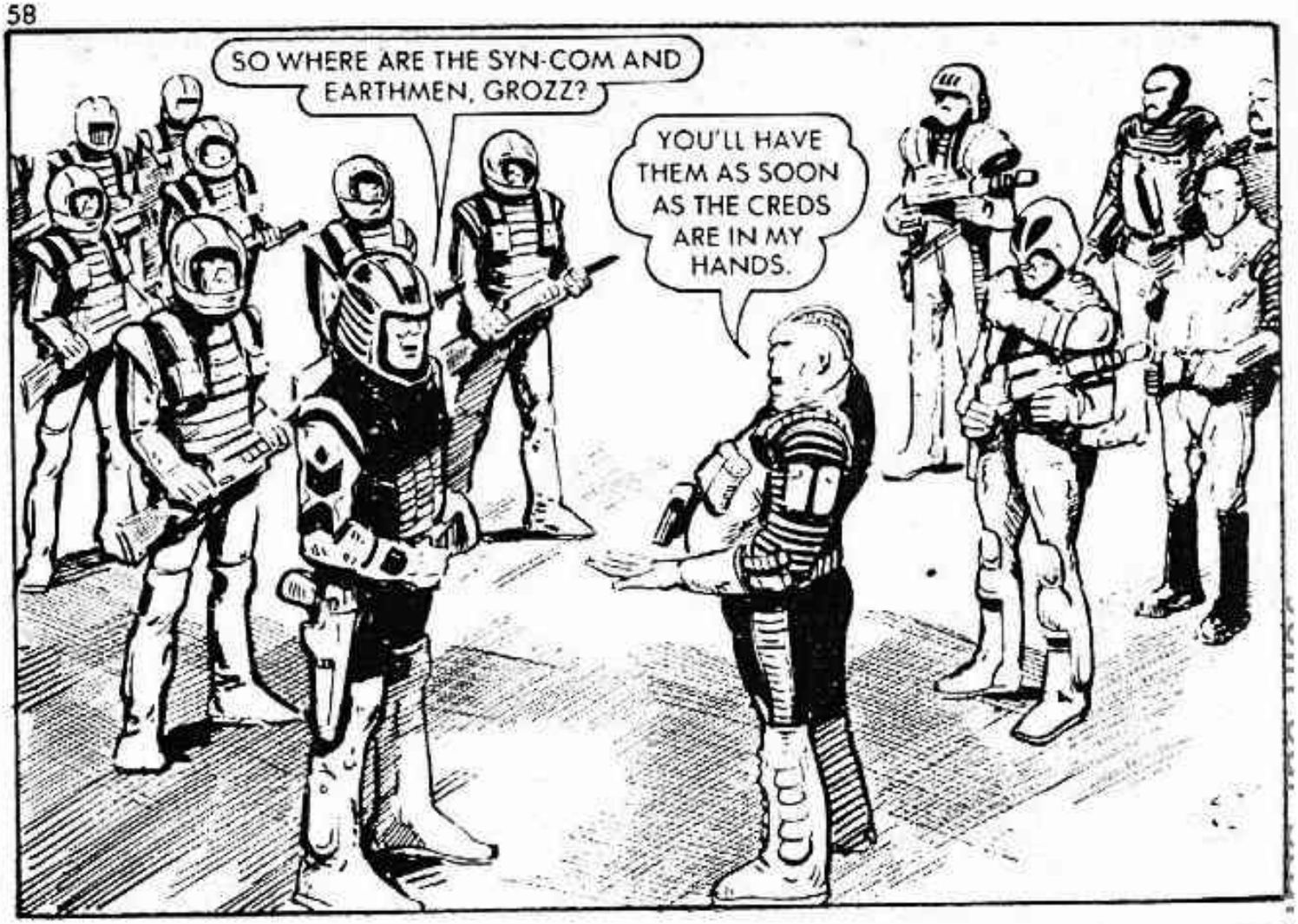
THE REST OF YOU COME WITH ME!

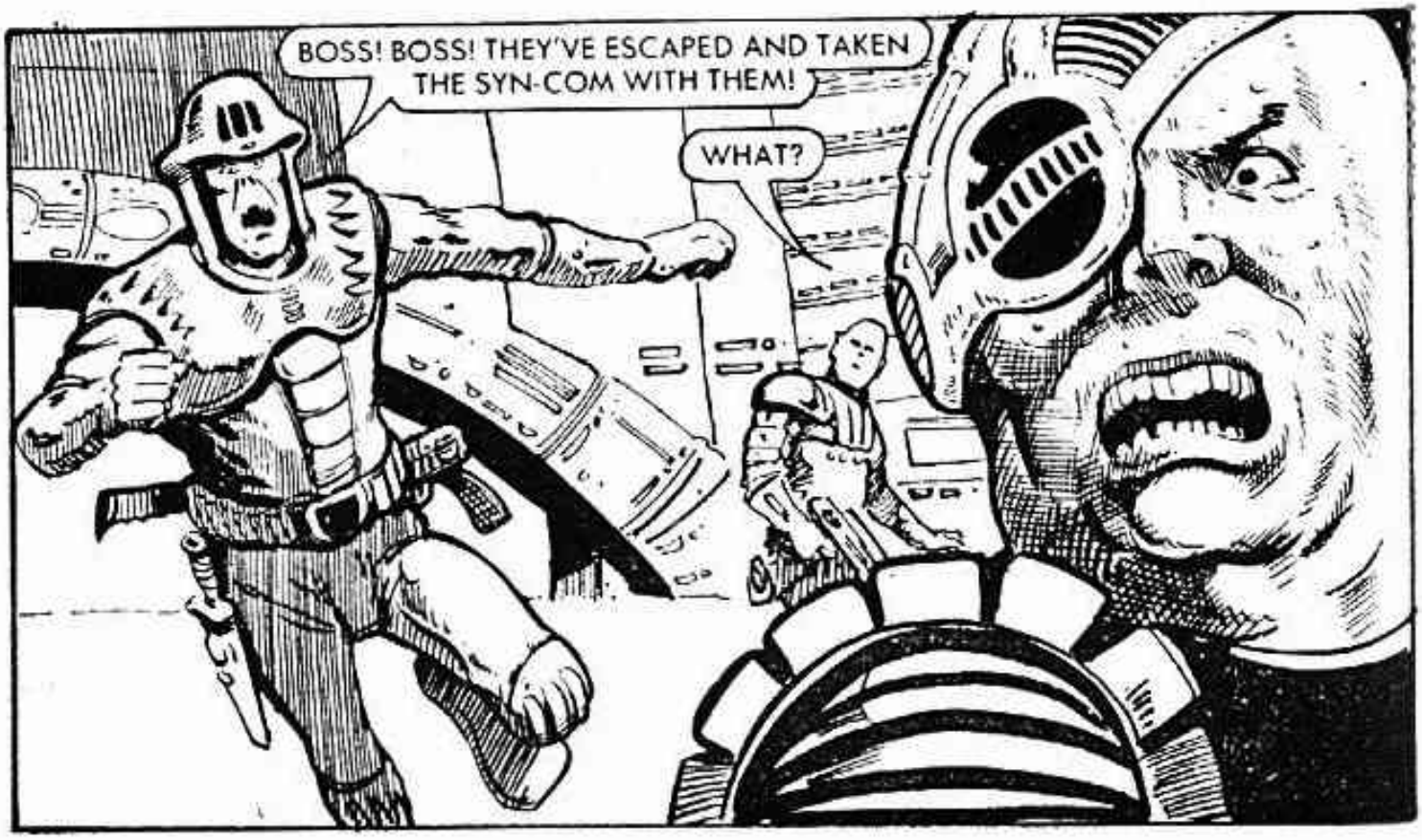
GROZZ MIGHT HEAR THE BLASTERS, SO WE'LL HAVE TO JUMP 'EM!

GERONIMO!
THREE DOWN!

AND NONE TO GO!

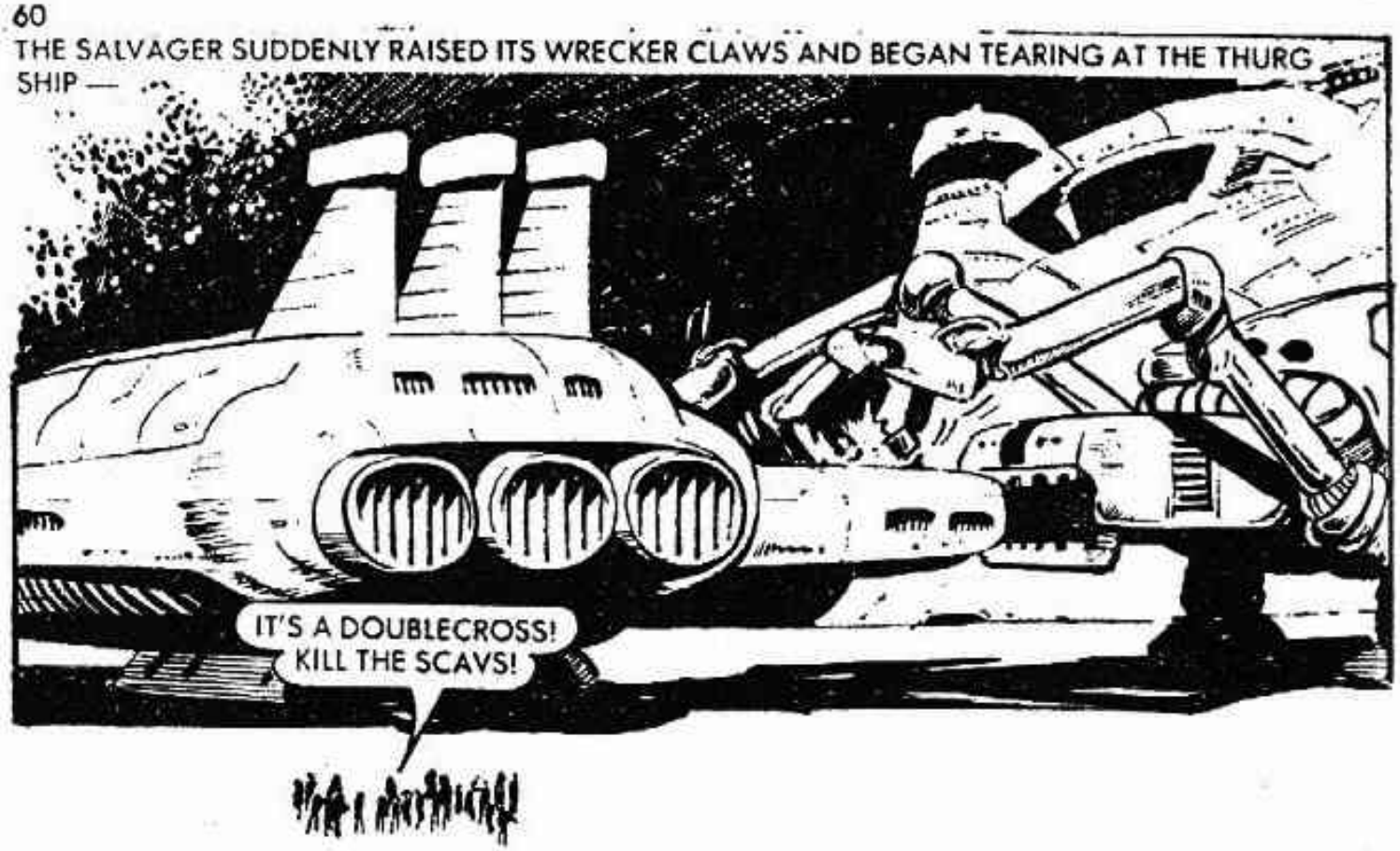

OUTSIDE THEY DISCOVERED THAT THE PEX SHIP WAS PARKED ON THE FAR SIDE OF THE AREA.
CURSES! SEE WHERE THEY'VE PUT THE PEX!
BUT SEE WHAT'S NEXT TO IT — A REFUELLING TANKER! LOOKS LIKE IT'S READY TO GO!


SO WHERE ARE THE SYN-COM AND EARTHMEN, GROZZ?
YOU'LL HAVE THEM AS SOON AS THE CREDS ARE IN MY HANDS.

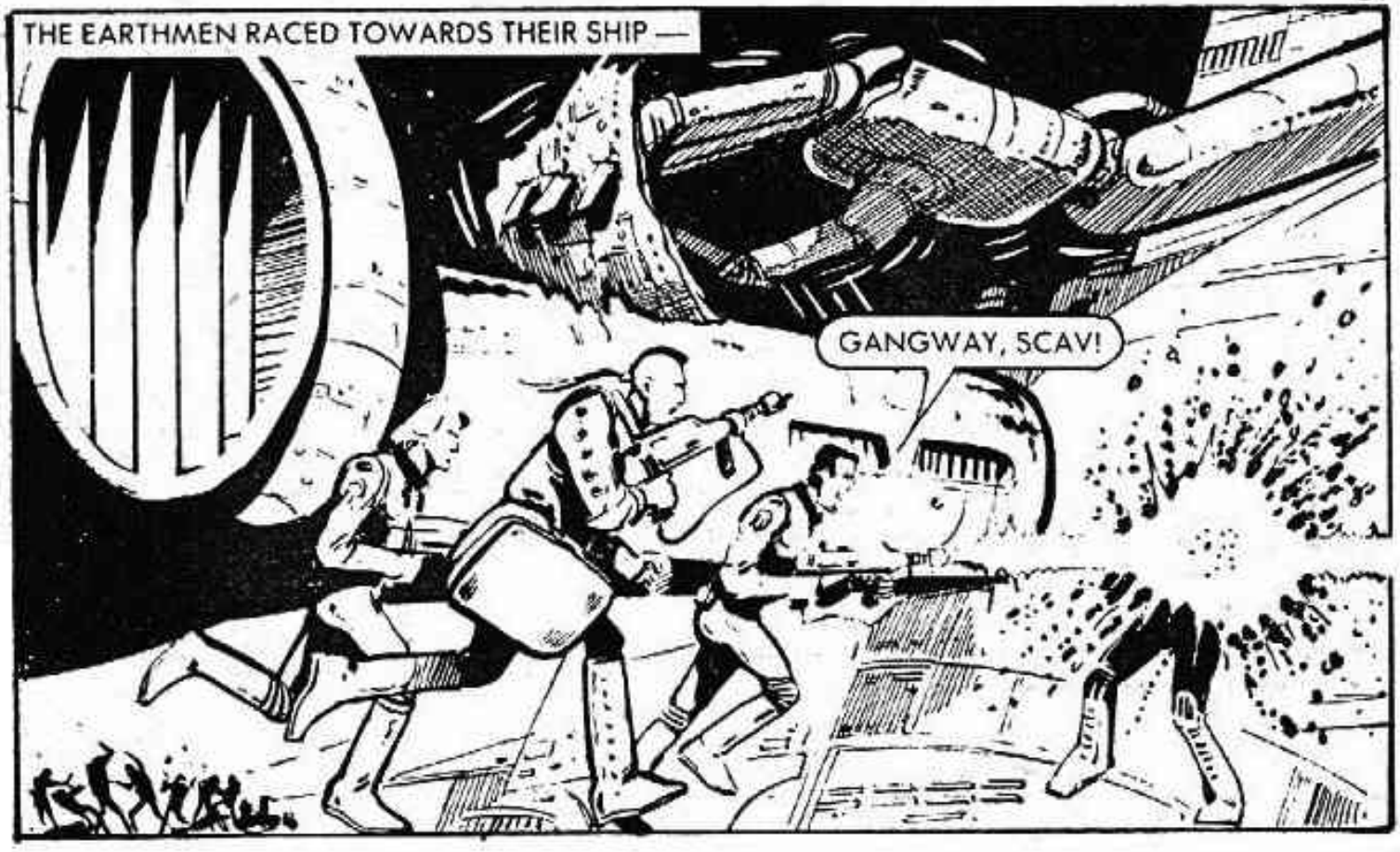

BOSS! BOSS! THEY'VE ESCAPED AND TAKEN THE SYN-COM WITH THEM!
WHAT?

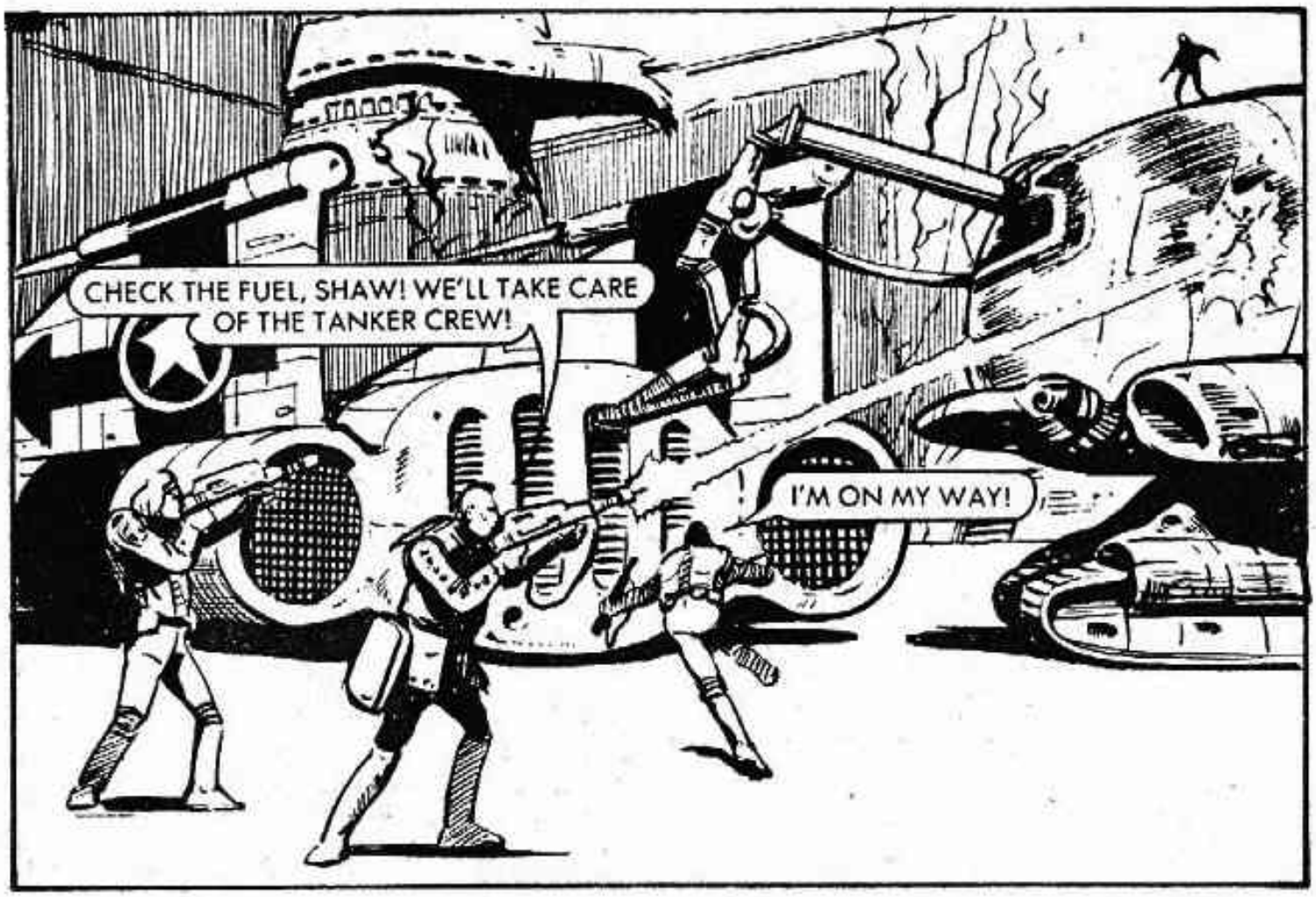
YOU FESTERING TOAD! WHAT TRICKERY ARE YOU UP TO?
NONE! I SWEAR IT!

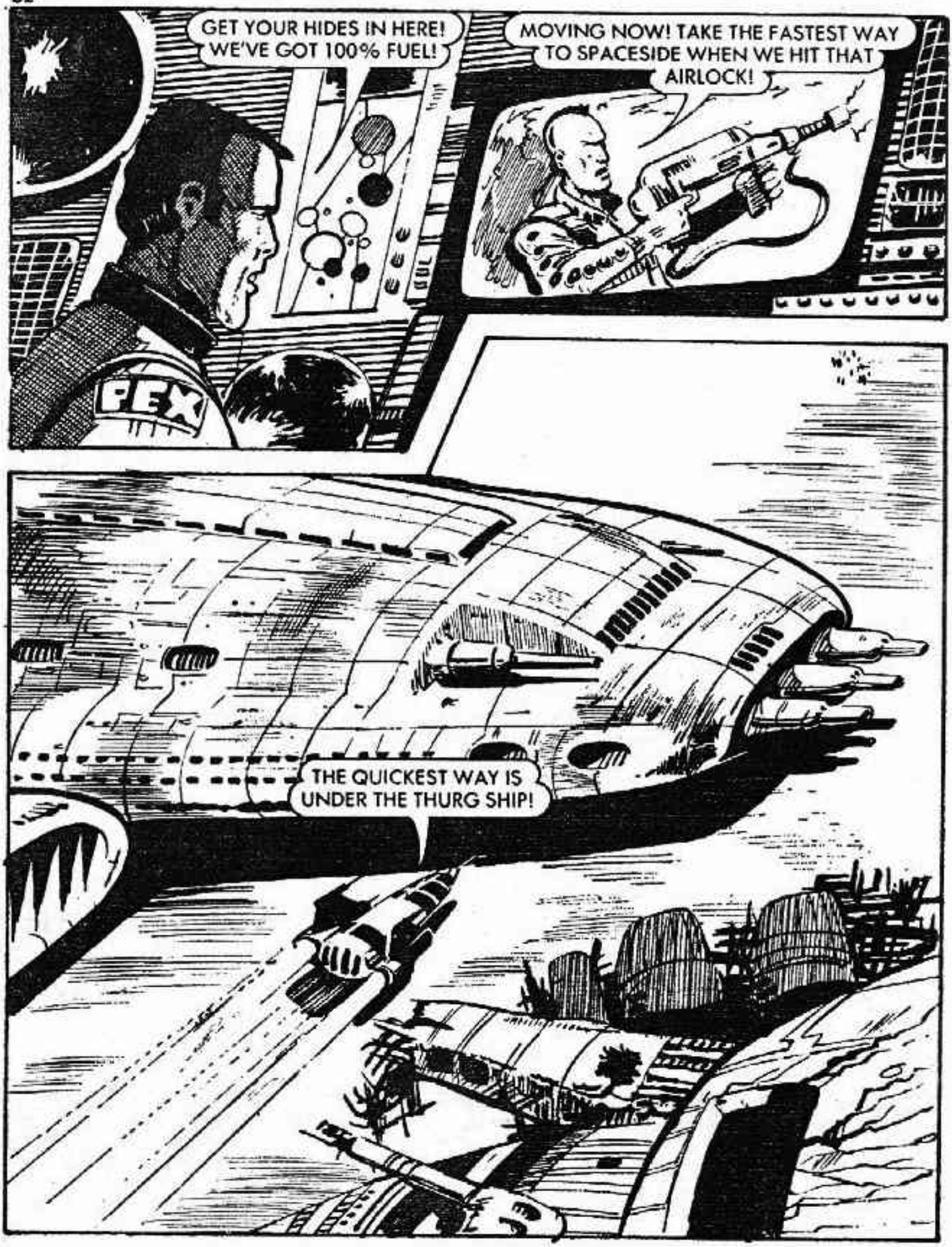
IF WE COULD PROVOKE THEM INTO FIGHTING, I RECKON WE COULD MAKE IT TO THE PEX IN THE CONFUSION!
LEAVE THIS TO ME. I'LL TALK TO OUR ROBOTIC FRIEND — IT'S JUST STUPID ENOUGH TO PROVIDE A DIVERSION!


THE SALVAGER SUDDENLY RAISED ITS WRECKER CLAWS AND BEGAN TEARING AT THE THURG SHIP —
IT'S A DOUBLECROSS! KILL THE SCAVS!

TOO CLOSE TO USE BLASTERS, THEY FLEW AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS —
TREACHEROUS SCAV!
FILTHY THURG!

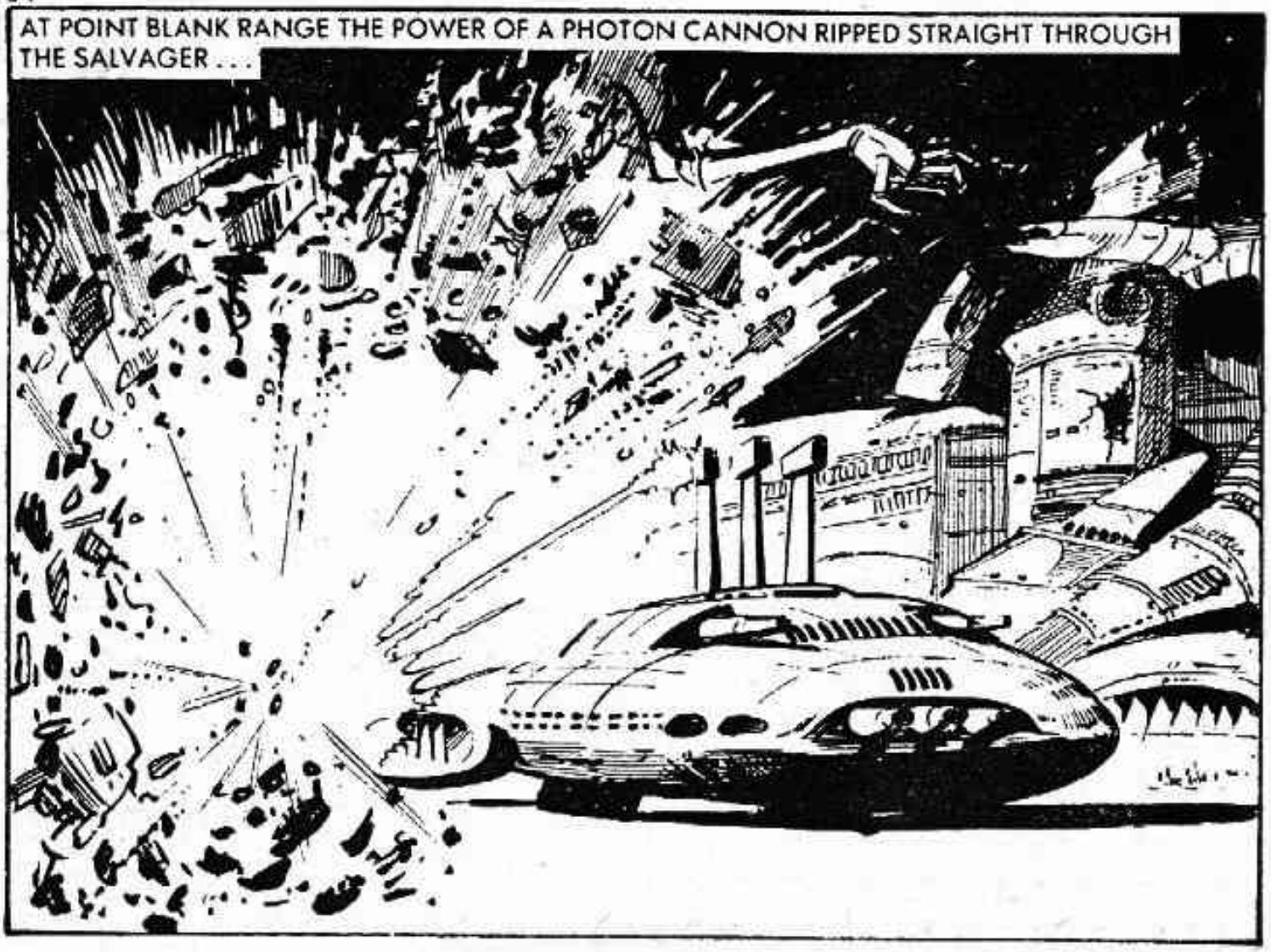

THE EARTHMEN RACED TOWARDS THEIR SHIP —
GANGWAY, SCAV!


CHECK THE FUEL, SHAW! WE'LL TAKE CARE OF THE TANKER CREW!
I'M ON MY WAY!

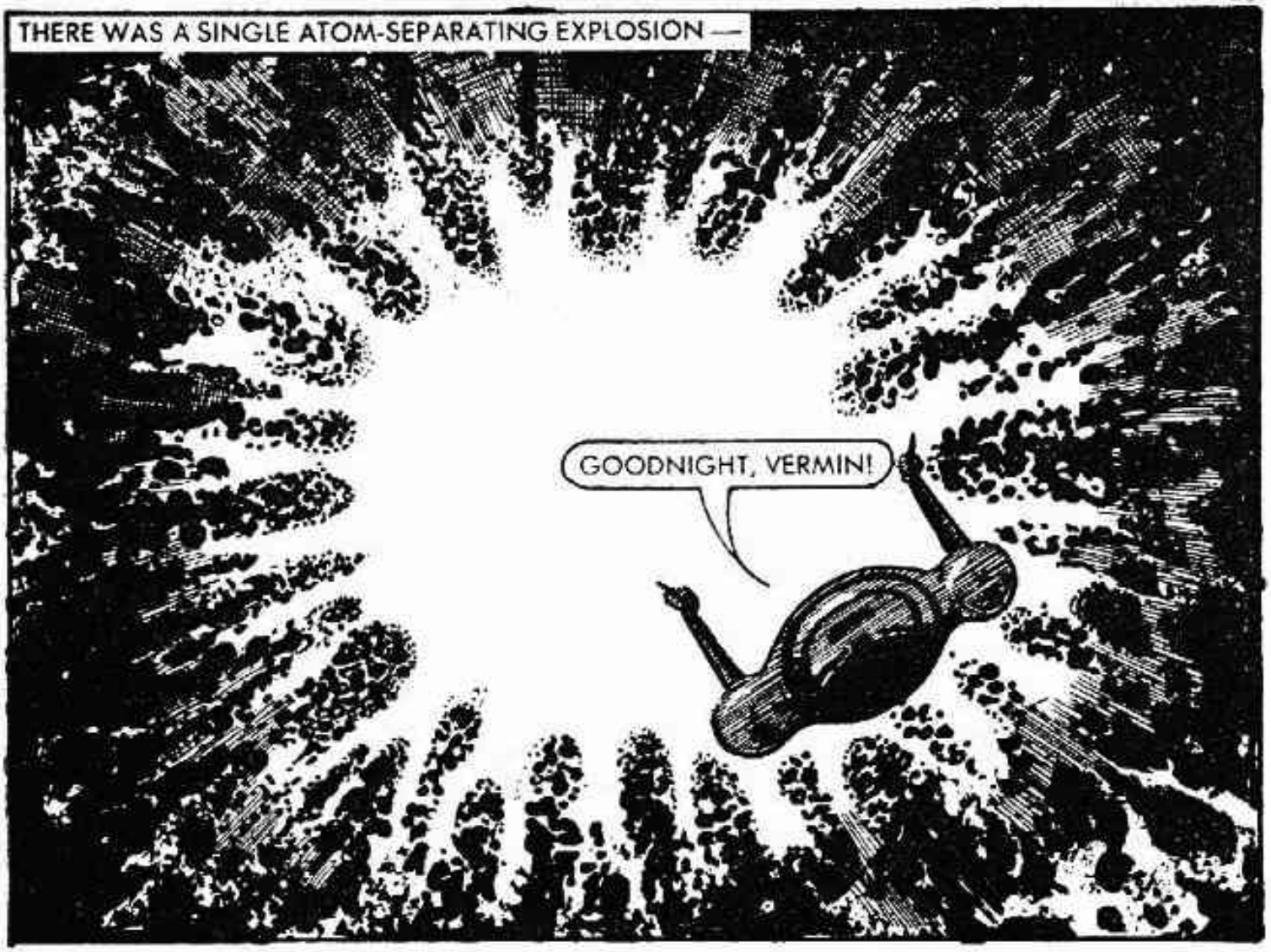

GET YOUR HIDES IN HERE! WE'VE GOT 100% FUEL!
MOVING NOW! TAKE THE FASTEST WAY TO SPACESIDE WHEN WE HIT THAT AIRLOCK!
PEX
THE QUICKEST WAY IS UNDER THE THURG SHIP!

THE EARTHMEN! THEY'RE ESCAPING WITH THE SYN-COM!

THE SALVAGER HAD BEEN FORGOTTEN IN THE FIGHTING, BUT NOW THE THURG CAPTAIN WAS JOLTED INTO AWARENESS —
MY SHIP! TURN THE PHOTON CANNON ON THAT SALVAGER!
NO! NO! YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!

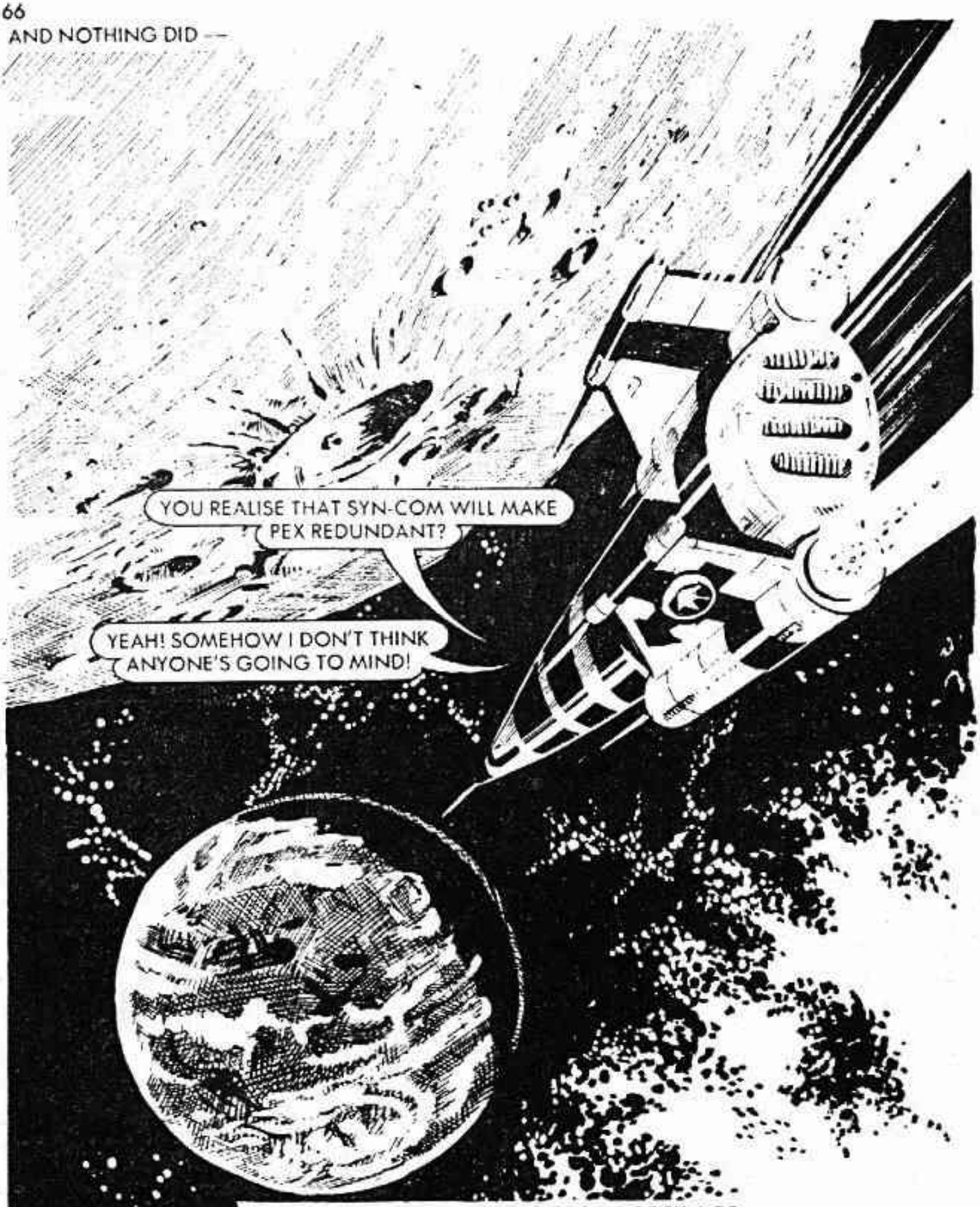

AT POINT BLANK RANGE THE POWER OF A PHOTON CANNON RIPPED STRAIGHT THROUGH THE SALVAGER . . .

. . . STRAIGHT THROUGH THE GROUND AND INTO THE MUNITIONS STORE.


THERE WAS A SINGLE ATOM-SEPARATING EXPLOSION —
GOODNIGHT, VERMIN!

OKAY, SHAW, CAN YOU GET US HOME?
WITH FULL TANKS WE CAN BURN IT IN ONE, CHANE. AND THIS TIME NOTHING CATCHES US!

AND NOTHING DID —



WITH BOTH SIDES HAVING THE SECRET OF SYN-COM NEITHER HAD THE ADVANTAGE AND SO THE UNEASY PEACE RULED AGAIN.

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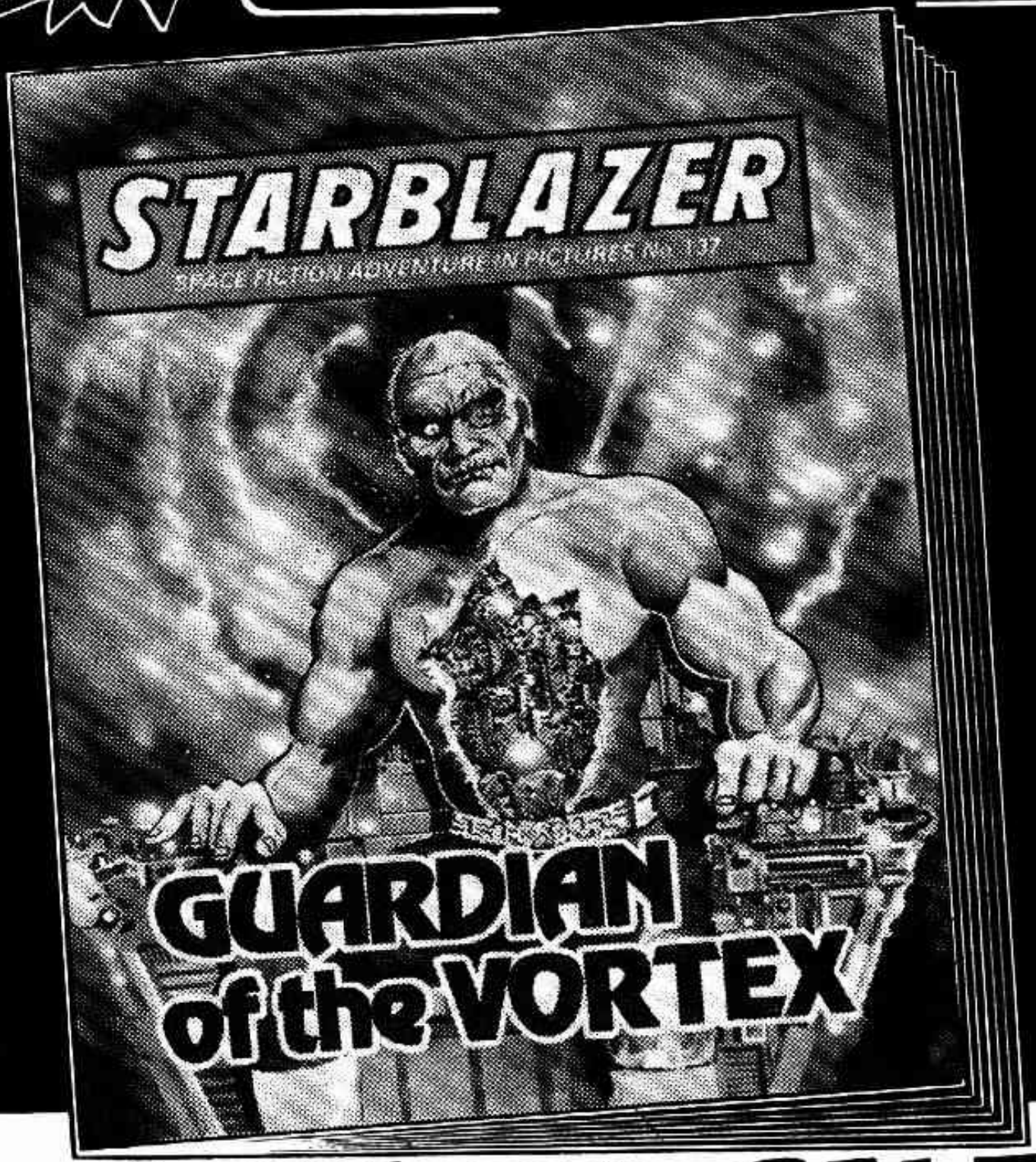
eldubyalfodinepriest

DON'T MISS

THIS MONTH'S OTHER ACTION-PACKED ADVENTURE



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Apollo 15's command module pilot was Major Alfred Merrill Worden, USAF, 39, left. The lunar module pilot and eighth man on the Moon was Lieutenant Colonel James Benson Irwin, 41, USAF. The flight lasted 12 days, 7 hr., 11 min., 53 sec. from July 26, 1971. Worden is now a busines consultant and Irwin the founder and chairman of an evangelical movement.